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JOSEPH F. SMITH,  
EDWARD H. ANDERSON, } Editors

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## SELF-CONTROL.\*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

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### I.—THE KINGSHIP OF SELF-CONTROL.

Man has two creators, his God and himself. His first creator furnishes him the raw material of his life, and the laws in conformity with which he can make that life what he will. His second creator,—himself,—has marvelous powers he rarely realizes. It is what a man makes of himself that counts.

When a man fails in life he usually says, "I am as God made me." When he succeeds he proudly proclaims himself a self-made man. Man is placed into this world not as a finality,—but as a possibility. Man's greatest enemy is—himself. Man in his weakness is the creature of circumstances; man in his strength is the creator of circumstances. Whether he be victim or victor depends largely on himself.

Man is never truly great merely for what he *is*, but ever for what he may become. Until man be truly filled with the knowledge of the majesty of his possibility, until there come to

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\* From *Self-Control; Its Kingship and Majesty*. Copyright 1889 and 1905 by Fleming H. Revell Company.

him the glow of realization of his privilege to live the life committed to him, as an individual life for which he is individually responsible, he is merely groping through the years.

To see his life as he might make it, man must go up alone into the mountains of spiritual thought as Christ went alone into the Garden, leaving the world to get strength to live in the world. He must there breathe the fresh, pure air of recognition of his divine importance as an individual, and with mind purified and tingling with new strength he must approach the problems of his daily living.

Man needs less of the "I am a feeble worm of the dust" idea in his theology and more of the conception "I am a great human soul with marvelous possibilities" as a vital element in his daily, working religion. With this broadening, stimulating view of life, he sees how he may obtain his kingship through self-control. And the self-control that is seen in the most spectacular instances in history, and in the simplest phases of daily life, is precisely the same in kind and in quality, differing only in degree. This control man can attain, if he only will; it is but a matter of paying the price.

The power of self-control is one of the great qualities that differentiates man from the lower animals. He is the only animal capable of a moral struggle or a moral conquest.

Every step in the progress of the world has been a new "control." It has been escaping from the tyranny of a fact, to the understanding and mastery of that fact. For ages man looked in terror at the lightning flash; today he has begun to understand it as electricity, a force he has mastered and made his slave. The million phases of electrical invention are but manifestations of our control over a great force. But the greatest of all "control" is self-control.

At each moment of a man's life he is either a King or a slave. As he surrenders to a wrong appetite, to any human weakness; as he falls prostrate in hopeless subjection to any condition, to any environment, to any failure, he is a slave. As he day by day crushes out human weakness, masters opposing elements within him, and day by day re-creates a new self from the sin and folly of the past,—then he is King. He is a King ruling

with wisdom over himself. Alexander conquered the whole world except,—Alexander. Emperor of the earth, he was the servile slave of his own passions.

We look with envy upon the possessions of others and wish they were our own. Sometimes we feel this in a vague, dreamy way with no thought of real attainment, as when we wish we had Queen Victoria's crown, or Emperor William's self-satisfaction. Sometimes, however, we grow bitter, storm at the wrong distribution of the good things of life, and then relax into a hopeless fatalistic acceptance of our condition.

We envy the success of others, when we should emulate the process by which that success came. We see the splendid physical development of Sandow, yet we forget that as a babe and a child there was little hope that his life might be spared.

We may sometimes envy the power and spiritual strength of Paul, without realizing the weak Saul of Tarsus from which he was transformed through his self-control.

We shut our eyes to the thousands of instances of the world's successes,—mental, moral, physical, financial or spiritual,—wherein the great final success came from a beginning far weaker and poorer than our own.

Any man may attain self-control if he only will. He must not expect to gain it save by long continued payment of price, in small, progressive expenditures of energy. Nature is a thorough believer in the instalment plan in her relations with the individual. No man is so poor that he cannot *begin* to pay for what he wants, and every small, individual payment that he makes, Nature stores and accumulates for him as a reserve fund in his hour of need.

The patience man expends in bearing the little trials of his daily life, Nature stores for him as a wondrous reserve in a crisis of life. With Nature, the mental, the physical or the moral energy he expends daily in right-doing is all stored for him and transmuted into strength. Nature never accepts a cash payment in full for anything,—this would be an injustice to the poor and to the weak.

It is only the progressive instalment plan Nature recognizes. No man can make a habit in a moment or break it in a moment. It is a matter of development, of growth, but at any

moment man may *begin* to make or begin to break any habit. This view of the growth of character should be a mighty stimulus to the man who sincerely desires and determines to live nearer to the limit of his possibilities.

Self-control may be developed in precisely the same manner as we tone up a weak muscle,—by little exercises day by day. Let us each day do, as mere exercises of discipline in moral gymnastics, a few acts that are disagreeable to us, the doing of which will help us in instant action in our hour of need. The exercises may be very simple,—dropping for a time an intensely interesting book at the most thrilling page of the story; jumping out of bed at the first moment of waking; walking home when one is perfectly able to do so, but when the temptation is to take a car; talking to some disagreeable person and trying to make the conversation pleasant. These daily exercises in moral discipline will have a wondrous tonic effect on a man's whole moral nature.

The individual can attain self-control in great things only through self-control in little things. He must study himself to discover what is the weak point in his armor, what is the element within him that ever keeps him from his fullest success. This is the characteristic upon which he should begin his exercise in self-control. Is it selfishness, vanity, cowardice, morbidness, temper, laziness, worry, mind-wandering, lack of purpose? whatever form human weakness assumes in the masquerade of life he must discover. He must then live each day as if his whole existence were telescoped down to the single day before him. With no useless regret for the past, no useless worry for the future, he should live that day as if it were his only day,—the only day left for him to assert all that is best in him, the only day left for him to conquer all that is worst in him. He should master the weak element within him at each slight manifestation from moment to moment. Each moment then must be a victory for it or for him! Will he be King, or will he be slave? The answer rests with him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## A VISIT TO SEE THE GODDESS, "MADAM PELE."

BY O. C. JONES, OF THE SOUTH HAWAII CONFERENCE.

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Recently it was my privilege, in company with Elders E. J. Neff and E. W. Smith of Salt Lake City, and Elder L. W. Farr of Ogden, to view one of the grandest and most magnificent displays that has been seen at the Kilauea crater, during late years. And thinking that a partial description of our trip and what we saw while there might perhaps be interesting to some of the ERA's readers, I feel it a duty to comply with the request made by the ERA some time ago for missionaries laboring in the field to contribute to its columns, by sending an account of the trip together with a few kodak pictures illustrating it.

We started from the beautiful little seaport town of Hilo, and rode a distance of twenty-two miles, on a railroad train which carried us through one of the largest fields of sugar cane to be found on the Hawaiian islands. There were thousands of acres of well-formed sugar cane, as far as the eyes could see on every side. Above the cane belt we entered a great forest of "ohia" trees where is to be found some of Uncle Sam's richest and best timber lands.

Arriving at Glenwood, the twenty-two mile station, we left the train and started out to walk the remaining distance of nine miles to the Volcano house, a commodious hotel which stands on the very brink of the great crater. The road along which we walked is one of the best on the Islands, and its scenery is beautiful. With great, tall forest trees on either side and climbing vines and a dense growth of tropical plants among the trees; with wild

berries and roses all along the way; with grasses and ferns matted in everywhere and the sweet bird songsters singing in the forest, one is led to remark that Hawaii is indeed a beautiful land, and well deserves to be called the "Paradise of the Pacific."

The road led us gradually up the mountain side, and at eleven o'clock we found ourselves in the Volcano house at an elevation



PART OF THE INTERIOR OF AN EXTINCT CRATER. THE WALLS OF THE CRATER ARE 1,000 FEET HIGH.

of more than 4,000 feet above sea-level. Arriving there we engaged rooms, refreshed ourselves, and were soon ready to visit the greatest active volcano in the world, and the only one that can be visited and seen at close range without endangering one's life.

Some of you may have the idea that volcanoes exist only at

the tops of great mountain peaks, but such is not the case with all Hawaiian volcanoes. Kilauea, itself, is situated on a comparatively flat, irregular side of Mauna Loa mountain, at an elevation of less than a third of the distance to the summit. There are hundreds of old craters and large volcanic cones on various parts



LAVA TRAIL WITHIN KILAUEA'S FLOOR.

of the mountain, including a great crater on the summit, but by far the most important one, and the one that attracts the attention of tourists and sight-seers, is the Kilauea crater.

Nothing is to be seen of the crater until its very edge is reached, and then what a sight! One can but stand awe-struck at

the wonderful vision presented to him. His mind tries to measure the power employed by the forces of Mother Nature in producing such a result. He sees before him an elliptical depression, some twenty miles or more in circumference, with perpendicular walls ranging from 100 feet to 600 feet in height.

At first sight I should have thought the crater extinct. Here



THE GREAT CRACKS OF 1868, WITHIN KILAUEA'S FLOOR.

and there, in fifty or more places, clouds of steam and smoke were rising, but not more than might come from so many camp-fires.

We made our descent into the crater by the old zigzag trail, passing, at least in the upper half of its course, through shrubbery and tree ferns that seem to have held undisturbed possession of

this corner of Pele's domains for ages. After having gone a distance of perhaps one-half of a mile, we reached the real crater floor. This is of lava which, although black and bare of vegetation, shows no sign of underlying fire, and is crossed by a well worn trail which, for aught that appears, may have been trodden by generations of visitors.

The floor, which from the Volcano house had appeared to be a smooth surface of shining "pahochoe," was found to be very unlevel, with here and there in dozens of places great round lava knolls twenty and thirty feet high standing out as so many sentinels watching Pele and guarding her interests. It is also crossed and broken up by great crevasses and cracks from many of which escape steam and intense heat. The largest crevasse within the crater is perhaps fifteen feet wide, and is spanned by a log foot-bridge. This is a part of the great earthquake crack of 1868 which extends for a distance of forty-five or fifty miles, from the Puna coast up through Kilauea and on over the Kau desert, and finally reaches the sea near the little town of Punalei. It varies



THE "DEVIL'S PICTURE FRAME."

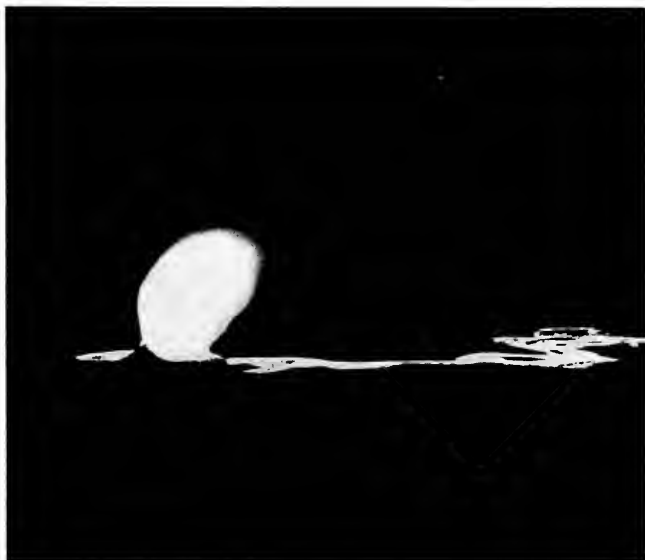
in width from a few feet to more than one hundred feet, and in places its depth is so great that it can not be determined. Over some of the heat cracks we scortched a number of postal cards, and burned some almost to a crisp. Occasionally gusts of intense heat would come from the cracks, and we were compelled to retreat several different times to escape being severely burnt ourselves.

Within the great crater floor of Kilauea are many places of interest which we visited. One, the "Devil's Picture Frame," is a place where at one time molten lava flowed over an embankment about six feet high in such a way that a number of frame-like openings were formed. Another place known as "Madam Pele's Chimney," is a circular hole in the lava out of which a great amount of smoke, steam and sulphur fumes are constantly pouring. The "Little Terror," is an extinct blow-hole, so named I suppose from its present appearance, for indeed its appearance indicates that it must have been a terror in its day.

After having gone a distance of three miles over the crater floor from the Volcano house, we reached the brink of the Halema'uma'u pit where Madam Pele is now confining herself. We were overtaken by a feeling almost of fear as we looked into the pit, and our first impulse was to shrink back away from it. The entire scene could be taken in at a glance—a vast crater pit within another crater, and circular in form, as its parent, with a diameter of nearly a half mile and a depth of 700 feet or more. Its precipitous sides consists of irregular stratified lava varying in hue from gray to brick red.

Try to imagine if you can such a scene. It all lies at your feet, and yet it seems dream-like and far away, and no wonder, for in fact the active spouting cone which occupies a position in the central part of the floor of the pit is fully a quarter of a mile away. In absence of familiar objects for comparison, you would naturally at first greatly underestimate magnitudes. The bottom of the pit below you looks as though it might cover an area of eight or nine acres, while in fact it is nearer twenty-five. The active cone seems to be scarcely five feet higher than the level of the surrounding floor, but in reality it is about sixty-five feet high.

As the light of day began to fade away, and the shadows of night darkened the doors of Pele's cozy home, we were able to watch and see much better the movements and doings of the Hawaiian goddess. We stationed ourselves at a place where a good bird's eye view of the entire pit could be obtained, and waited to see such displays of nature's fireworks as the controller of the inner elements of the earth might be disposed to exhibit. We had not long to wait, for as soon as darkness had set in all around, the



ACTIVE VOLCANO AS SEEN AT NIGHT.

floor of the pit, which by day-light had appeared to be uniformly black, was seen to be crossed with a net-work of cracks and fissures which formed more or less intricate patterns through which the light of the glowing metal beneath was seen. At times the sudden cooling of the lava-covering produced breaks in it, and from them oozed some of the liquid fire confined beneath and flooded over small areas of from twenty feet to two hundred feet square, illuminating the entire surroundings.

While watching this display, our attention was at times attracted by the actions of the spouting cone. It was in it that the

most of the work was going on. From its mouth, which was perhaps eight feet in diameter, there was more or less lava being thrown out, some of which would reach a height of two hundred feet or more. There would be a few moments quietness within the cone during which time the boiling and splashing of the lava could be heard. Following this lull, a rumbling noise as of distant thunder, and then all of a sudden a large amount of lava rock would be shot out from the opening as though all the powers of the inner and lower world were behind it. The rock would scatter and fly in all directions through the air producing a sight unequaled by the discharge of hundreds of sky-rockets on a dark night.

Our attention was again directed to the work going on within the floor of the pit. A great opening had formed, and from it began to pour a boiling and seething mass of lava which spread and spread as a great flood, until in less than thirty minutes it had covered an area of at least ten acres with a new coating of lava ten feet or more in thickness. The walls of the pit glowed with the reflection of the livid, volcanic fire, and the clouds above seemed to catch the same unearthly light and took upon them a hue too beautiful to describe. The fire glowed at first like molten iron, drawn from a smelting furnace, then changed to a livid red, and continued fading until it showed only here and there glowing eyes of fire looking out from cavernous depths. The reflection of the flow was plainly seen at places fifty miles distant.

We likened what we had seen to the idea that the greater part of the religious world have concerning hell, and decided that were the place of punishment for the wicked and ungodly anything like the fiery pit of Halema'uma'u, we ourselves would certainly try to steer our barks elsewhere.

At one time the Halema'uma'u pit was at a level with the rest of Kilauea's floor, but during the year 1894 the whole of the area now comprised within the upper rim of the pit, appeared to have been undermined by the liquid lava beneath, which was suddenly drained off, where, no one can say. All we know is that it was all swallowed up in an instant, and hid forever in an unknown abyss.

When I first saw the crater, in July, 1905, it was considered to be between eight and nine hundred feet deep. There were at that



time three distinct cones on its floor, two of which were active, while at the present time but one cone is to be seen. The others have been covered by the lava rising in the pit, a thing that has been taking place recently to such an extent that more than 100 feet has been built over the entire floor during the past year.

In the cool of the morning following our visit to the pit, the entire crater seemed to be filled with white steam, due probably to the rain which fell during the night. The clouds of steam presented an impressive sight as they were caught by the trade winds and swept horizontally from the crater's rim toward the dome-shaped top of old Mauna Loa.

Thanking Pele for the splendid entertainment she had afforded us, we took a last survey of the surroundings, and then returned to our fields of labor, Elders Neff and Smith going back to Hilo, and Elder Farr and I riding all day over the Kau desert, crossing lava flows, and finally reaching Pahala, where we found a home and some kind friends among the Saints.

Honolulu, T. H.

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### A PSALM OF HOPE.

*(For the Improvement Era.)*

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Rejoice, O house of Israel, rejoice!  
Lift up thy face and wipe thy tears away.  
Lift up thy voice in everlasting song,  
O Zion, thy redemption draweth nigh.  
O wondrous age, thy years are strung like pearls  
Upon the golden thread of time. Of thee  
Hath sprung the wonder of the centuries—  
The miracle that awes the world. Down all  
The reach of time the ancient sun ne'er shone  
On scenes more glorious than these, on time  
More fraught with prophecy; more luminous  
With hope. The bud of truth has burst aflower,  
And every breeze its exhalation bears.  
Rejoice, O house of Israel, rejoice!  
Lift up thy face and wipe thy tears away.  
Lift up thy voice in everlasting song,  
O Zion, thy redemption draweth nigh.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THEO. E. CURTIS.

# FOR THE INCREASE OF FAITH.

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## AID IN VICARIOUS WORK.

BY ELDER JOSEPH ORTON.

---

Those on the other side of the veil are ready and anxious to aid in the accomplishment of the labors that devolve upon us in performing vicarious work in the temples.—**HEBER J. GRANT.**

Confirmatory of the foregoing, the following is submitted:

During a mission to England, in 1880, I visited a city for the purpose of searching records in the interest of a dear friend, deceased, whose family temple work I had years before sacredly promised Elder Daniel H. Wells I would perform.

Cash was scarce with me, and as there were four parish churches in that city, each one having records, I was anxious to search them at the least possible expense. On making enquiry, it was ascertained that a certain law office had a full copy of all the church records.

Having made application there, the liberty was given to search the copies at forty shillings per parish, which meant in United States coin at least thirty-nine dollars for the four sets of records.

The work of searching was begun. The office closed on Saturday at one o'clock p. m. At that time I asked what I should pay for time spent. Six shillings and eight pence was the reply. Paying the amount I left, but had walked only a short distance into the country when a voice said to me, "If you will go to each of the parish churches you shall search all of their records by paying the price of one at the lawyers."

On doing as directed, I found on completion of the search, having paid, without demur, all charged for the use of the four

sets of records, that the cost, including the amount paid the lawyer, did not exceed the price asked for one set at the lawyer's office. Thus proving that the blessing asked of Brother Daniel H. Wells, his exaction of me, the word given by the wayside, together with ministers of the respective churches applied to for search of records, were all influenced by "those behind the veil in the accomplishment of the great vicarious work" now going on in the temples of our God.

St. George, Utah.

---

### MY FATHER REWARDS ME.

BY SOLOMON F. KIMBALL.

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After the Saints had been driven West, and had established themselves in these valleys, among the first things that the leaders of the Church did was to get their historical records together. They realized that Church history would be dependent upon these records to a great extent. The Lord through the Prophet Joseph had instructed them to keep a record of all principal events of their lives, which made it doubly important. I well remember the interest manifested by my father in relation to such matters. He had been an apostle for twelve years, and one of the First Presidency for twenty. During the drivings and mobbings of the Saints, he had lost the part of his journal that contained an account of his second mission to England. This he felt keenly, as it made a break into one of the most important periods of his life. When time permitted, he would have Brother Thomas Bullock come to his house, and they sometimes spent a week or two straightening out these records and compiling his history. In order to do this, they had to wade through hundreds of pages of blurred and dingy journals, and package after package of old, musty letters. Father would then let this work rest for a year or two, or until the spirit came upon him again. He would then get Brother Robert Campbell, or some other competent man, to assist him. He continued in this way as long as he lived. After his death, there was nothing more done with his history until the fall of 1876. I was living

with my sister Helen at the time. We were in possession of all of father's letters, journals and manuscripts. We knew that he had prophesied that Edward W. Tullidge would write his history, so I visited Mr. Tullidge several times in relation to this matter. He finally agreed to write the history and publish three thousand volumes of it for three thousand dollars. He was present when father made the prediction concerning him, and knew about the lost records.

With this fact in view, and while writing the history of the Prophet Joseph and President Young, he made a note of any historical facts bearing upon this part of father's life. This advantage enabled him to write the history in about six months. In the mean time, I had taken up a labor with my father's family, and found the majority of them not in sympathy with this movement. However, I managed to collect thirteen hundred dollars in cash, and five hundred dollars in real estate. This I turned over to Mr. Tullidge, and from that on it seemed like fate was against us and we were forced to let this work rest here. That summer I went to Arizona, where I remained nine years. After I returned, I spent several weeks visiting the family. The history spirit came upon me again stronger than ever. I was quite successful in uniting the family upon this subject. I was out of means, and went to Mayor Armstrong to see if I could get employment. He told me that the jailor had just broken his arm, and that I could come to work the next morning. Soon after I had commenced work, it seemed to me at times as though I was in the very presence of my father. I could plainly feel his spirit working with me. It became so strong that I could not rest until we had called the representative members of the family together and laid this subject before them. At that meeting a committee of five was chosen, and we decided to employ Bishop Orson F. Whitney to write the history over again. He was our father's grandson; while, on the other hand, Mr. Tullidge had publicly declared himself to be an apostate. We had a settlement with him, and he was allowed thirteen hundred dollars for his work. He deeded the real estate back to us and let Bishop Whitney have his manuscript of the history. The "boom" came soon after, and we sold the lot for just eighteen hundred dollars clear of expenses. Those of us who had contrib-

uted the eighteen hundred dollars nine years before received back the exact sum that we gave, and this put the family on an equal footing. Before I went to Arizona the Kimball estate had been divided, and the administrators discharged. When I returned, we found four lots on the hill that had been overlooked, and which were almost worthless when I went away, but now had become valuable. We sold them for four thousand five hundred dollars, which was just enough to carry this enterprise through. This belonged to all of us, and we now were all in sympathy with the movement.

The day that the history was to be bound and placed upon the market, one of the most wonderful events of my life took place. As I was giving the prisoners their breakfast, imagine my joy and satisfaction when I heard the voice of my father's spirit saying to me that he had something more to go into the history, and would give it to me as a reward for my faithfulness in helping to bring that work forth. As soon as I could get the prisoners to work, I took a pencil and tab, and father's spirit told me what to write. Under his dictation I wrote for about twenty minutes. I scribbled as fast as I could, and a minute or two before I had finished, several prisoners who were doing janitor work came into the room, and father's spirit left. I undertook to complete the unfinished part but was unable to do so. Then I began to feel uneasy, fearing that Bishop Whitney would reject the communication. I went into the old Council Chamber and prayed to the Lord to prepare his mind to receive it. When he came to work that morning, I told him that I had just received a visit from father, and he had given me something more to go into the history. I handed him the communication. He read it over carefully and said "that is splendid." He completed the unfinished part, and corrected my mistakes. We decided to say nothing about it, and it went into the history in that form. This event was kept quiet until the spring of 1906, eighteen years later. At a High Priests meeting, held in the Brigham Young Memorial building at that time, I was called upon to speak. The moment I stood up it seemed to me as though my father was standing by my side. I was so filled with the Spirit of the Lord that I for the first time made this event public, Bishop Whitney being present at the time.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

## WHAT IS SUCCESS?

BY GEO. D. KIRBY.

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According to Ellen G. White, in her magnificent work, *Christ's Object Lessons*, success is "the outworking of God's providence, the reward of faith and discretion, of virtue and persevering effort." And how true it is! Success comes to no man except as a reward for his efforts directed along the line of his ambition. There are some who claim that success is due to "luck," others that it is due to "genius," while still others, that a mathematical problem of "brains, plus character, plus hard work, equals success." They are all correct and merely prove the truth of the quotation above, for "luck" in the accepted sense, and genius, are the results of God's providence, and no one will deny that the possession of brains, the ability to mould the character aright, and health to perform the hard work, are all "the working of God's providence."

To every man has God given "according to his several ability." All are not blessed with like talents, but all may gain success in the development of the powers which are within them. Some men are endowed with wonderful brain power to plan and carry out successfully immense projects which bring them glory, fame and wealth. Others are gifted with a noble personality by which they win the love and esteem of their fellowmen, and whose lives are models in the service of their maker. They perhaps have not the talent for acquiring much wealth, but their success is just as great, if indeed not greater.

We read and hear of giants of strength, giants of intellect, and giants in every field of action, but if we analyze their works we find that they are giants only in the fact that their faculties

have been developed along a certain line, never swerving from the course marked out, but continually putting their shoulders to the wheel and rolling it up the Hill of Success, inch by inch, step by step, until the goal is reached and their efforts are crowned with success. They are just ordinary individuals like ourselves, save that they so trained themselves, that they took advantage of every possible moment of time they could and put it to good use, realizing that they were living in the present only, and that no art or device could recover the golden gems of time, if once permitted to slip through their fingers.

You look admiringly upon a strong young senator or congressman, and you call him a brilliant man and a lucky one; but he is neither, in a way; in his present honorable position, he represents the realization of a tenacious purpose, the culmination of a well laid plan. He worked while you waited, that is the only difference. The man who waits too long gets left. Thousands of fortunes are forfeited every year through excessive caution. The prize goes to the dashing, go-ahead fellow who acts upon his ideas as soon as they mature, and before they get stale and out of date. Learn to recognize your chance on sight; and having recognized it, lose no time.

There are almost as many kinds of success in this world as there are kinds of men. One great curse of human life is waste of energy. That means waste of time, and time is the only thing we really possess here. The man who is today doing this, and tomorrow doing that, and the next day something else, hasn't enough concentrated energy to succeed in any one thing of moment. There are men who inherit money, there are men who stumble on gold mines, perhaps; there are thieves who steal other men's ideas and reap the benefit from them. But those are not men of "success." They are accidents without meaning. The man who reaches the pinnacle of success, *climbs up there*. If you study his life intelligently, you will find that every man at the top has had a hard climb. You will find that he has bruises, scratches, and deep lines to show for every foot of the climb.

One reason why people do not more generally profit by the successful experiences of others, is that they almost invariably look to the snow peaks among the world's mountains for men, and

seeing no way to attain similar heights they become discouraged.

Climb up the Hill of Success as far as you can get. Try your best; do your best. If you cannot get quite to the top yourself, praise the man who has gained a higher step than you, and if possible give him a boost, which will raise him still higher. He may reach the top and reach down and pull you up beside him.

"The greatest thing a man can do in this world is to make the most possible out of the talent and material God has given him. This is success, and there is no other."

Sugar City, Idaho.

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### CALVARY.

*(For the Improvement Era.)*

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Upon the cross I see him now,  
The crown around his brow.  
His outstretched arms nailed to the tree,  
Bleeding, dying thereon for me.

I see the brutal soldiers tear  
The garments which our Lord did wear  
I see them mock him in their glee,  
On the lone, bleak hill of Calvary

I view his virgin mother sweet,  
In anguish kneeling at his feet;  
O, vestal maid! 'twas all for me  
Thy Son endured his agony.

I see the blood flow down the tree—  
Dear Lord, thy blood was shed for me;  
O, wondrous love! that you should die  
For such a one so vile as I.

H. N. ADAMSON.

Salt Lake City, Utah.



## ROMANCE OF A MISSIONARY.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "ADDED UPON," "THE CASTLE-BUILDER," ETC.

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### VIII.

"WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED?"—DWIGHT THORNTON'S STORY.

Elder Donaldson was paying his farewell visit to Elder Dean in London. They had promised John Loring to attend with him a meeting of the revivalists then being held in a nearby hall.

On the evening appointed, these three made their way to the place of meeting. The two elders had seen many devices for the purpose of attracting sinners to repentance, but the big placard displayed at the entrance to the hall was the most startling they had ever seen. It read: "Stop! You Are Going to Hell! Come in and Receive Salvation."

They went in, and Mr. Loring led them well up in front. He was one of the workers, and therefore at home in the large hall which was well filled with people. The leading spirit of the revival and his singing assistant soon mounted the platform and took charge of the meeting. The singer had a good voice, and he led the congregation in a song. The first stanza or two were rather listlessly sung, but then the magnetic conductor gained power over the crowd, and soon he had them all singing lustily. The preacher uttered a short prayer, and then there was more singing. The sermon came next. It was of the "Come to Jesus" type, with the usual appeals for sinners to come just as they were, "come just now." The preacher told dramatically stories of

saved and unsaved people, depicting in his most forceful manner the dire results which came to those who put off the day of salvation.

Then there was more singing, with the apparent intent to work up the emotions of the people. The leader then asked all to bow their heads and join him in a prayer. He sat down in a chair before them, and with eyes wide open talked as to the Lord. Then he called for a perfect silence, which was as sensational as the prayer.

"Those who desire salvation, raise their hands," said the leader. "Everybody keep their heads bowed," he admonished, "this is a sacred place." As each hand was raised the preacher said, "Thank you, brother; and you—and you." The silence soon became oppressing, and another song was sung. Then there was more praying and more calling for hands. Both the preacher and the singer were working hard, while the large corps of helpers labored among the congregation. The scene now became extremely sensational. Those who had raised their hands as a token that they were waiting to "accept Christ" were asked to stand, and then to come forward to the front benches; there to cry out their confessions, to strip their souls naked before thousands of excited, whispering on-lookers. Men and women, boys and girls, with pale faces, trembling with emotion, came up towards the front, sometimes alone with head bowed, sometimes urged on by energetic mission-workers. Reaching the front benches, they dropped on their knees. The workers kneeled by them, putting their arms about the trembling, excited candidate for salvation, and urging them on by whispering exhortation.

After this scene was over, the "converts" were led into the consultation room at the rear, where their names were taken and they were told to align themselves with some of the churches of the city. It was not of great consequence which church—that was simply a matter of personal choice or convenience.

While this was going on, the song revivalist was teaching the people to sing the famous "Glory Song." Then the preacher came into the big hall and asked if there were any yet who wished to be saved. Just then a man arose in the hall and asked:

"Mister, what shall I do to be saved?" The preacher looked

for a moment at the man who stood and waited. Then the revivalist opened his Bible and said: "I will read the answer from the word of God. This man is evidently pricked in his heart as were those on the day of Pentecost who asked a similar question; and Peter stood up in the midst of the people and answered them. What did he say? 'Repent, every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ—repent, repent, repent!'"

The preacher stopped there, and the man sat down again. Elders Donaldson and Dean looked at each other in blank astonishment. Why did he not complete the quotation and thus give the man a complete answer?

"The hypocrite!" said Elder Dean.

John Loring had been busy among the congregation, but he was sitting with the two elders when the man arose and asked the question. Mr. Loring stared at the man, and then exclaimed:

"That's Dwight Thornton, sober and in his right mind. Praise the Lord." Then he went down the aisle to where the questioner sat, to help him on the way to salvation. The revivalist urged Mr. Thornton to come up in front, to repent, to accept Christ, and not wait another minute; but his pleadings were without avail. The man sat still during the remainder of the services. At the close of the meeting he went out with John Loring and the two elders.

Mr. Loring urged his friend to come home with him.

"Why do you ask me to your house tonight?" enquired Mr. Thornton. "You have never done so before."

"Well, you are sober tonight, and appear to be repentant—besides—"

"Well?"

"Nora is at our house."

The man gave a startled look at Mr. Loring. "No; is it true?" he asked.

"Yes; come and see."

"Did she ask you to ask me? Does she want to see me?"

"No; she did not ask, but I suppose—"

"Well, I'll not go," said he.

They were about to part at a corner, when Willard was impressed to say: "Mr. Thornton, I'll walk along with you a short distance. I want to talk to you."

He took hold of his arm, and the two walked along together. The night was cold, and Willard could see that the man was poorly clad. Willard led him into a nearby cafe and ordered cocoa and buns for two.

"I know Nora Loring," explained Willard. "Her mother and mine are cousins. I used to visit Nora and her mother, and I have heard your name mentioned in connection with Nora's. I don't want to appear inquisitive, Mr. Thornton, but I desire to help you. That is our mission—to help people."

"Thank you, sir, for your kindness. I am a poor, weak creature, not fit for the company of decent men and women; but I am trying to do better. I am looking for help—that's why I went to the revival meeting tonight."

"Did you get any help there?" asked Willard.

"No; it is the same old story with me. I have tried for years to get religion. I have believed, I have attended church, I have listened to the services; but I always go away empty handed and empty hearted."

"That which you have been doing may be well and good, my friend; but tell me what you yourself have done to attain to this salvation which you asked about in the meeting this evening?"

"What have I done? I can do nothing for my salvation. All the preachers tell me that. I have asked the question many a time, as I asked it this evening, but I have always received the same reply, that a man can do nothing."

Willard took his Bible from his pocket and then said: "I am sure you will pardon me if I show you something that the preacher left out in answer to your question. Let me read it while you finish your cocoa."

He then read Peter's complete reply to the Jews who asked him what they should do, as found in the second chapter of Acts.

Mr. Thornton looked the passage over again, and said, "Well, it does certainly seem that something more than mere belief was necessary in those days."

"Another thing," continued Willard. "I understand that your main trouble is with yourself—your greatest enemy is your own weakness."

"True," said the man.

“And you have been looking for help from some outside source, forgetting that upon you yourself rests the duty of taking the initiative. God has given the power to every man not only to will to do, but to do—at least to make a beginning. This beginning may be very small, and the doer may be very weak; but when once there is action by the being himself, then, and not until then, can he call on the Lord for assistance. That ‘the Lord helps those who help themselves’ is a true saying. You have been taught to believe that you are such a mean, weak creature that you are powerless to help yourself. I tell you, my friend, that every man has within him a spark from the eternal God. Man is more than the world has dreamed of, and there is a closer connection between us and our Father in heaven than is believed or thought by religionists of the day.”

The two men lingered for some time in the cafe and then they went out. Willard talked, and his friend listened as they walked arm in arm along the street. Willard would have gone with him to his lodgings, but he objected.

“But I will call on you, if you will permit me,” said the man. “I would like to talk further with you. There is something in what you say that gives me more hope than I have ever had.”

An appointment was made for the next day, and promptly at the set time Mr. Thornton came. Willard noted that his shabby clothes had been brushed, his face was newly shaven, and he had altogether a more manly appearance. He was not a bad looking man, and had it not been for the marks that drink had left in his face, his thirty-five years would have sat lightly upon him.

Willard received him alone. He felt as though he had gained this man’s confidence, and he wished to encourage him to open his heart to him. It was the middle of the afternoon when he arrived, and he at once began to ask questions about that which they had talked the evening before.

“Do you know,” said Mr. Thornton, after he had listened attentively to a long explanation, “that Nora Loring has talked in very much the same strain to me as you have. May I talk to you about Nora?”

“Certainly,” said Willard, “be free; tell me what you desire.”

"You have perhaps wondered what there is between us. Has Nora ever told you?"

"Not a word. She has never mentioned your name to me."

"No; of course she wouldn't. O Mr. Dean, I wish I were worthy of her!"

"I believe Nora is a good girl," replied Willard.

"Good! Listen—let me tell you."

The two men drew their chairs nearer the table. Mr. Thornton rested his arms on the table and leaned towards his listening friend. Then he continued:

"Years ago Nora and I were lovers. It was up in our native town, where there are green fields and no smoke and fog. The day for our marriage had been set, and two happier people never lived. Then her father's drinking got the better of him. He lost his business, he lost his health. His family was brought to poverty. What a time those poor people had! And think of it, right in the midst of it all, I one day became the worse for liquor, and Nora saw it. It nearly broke her heart. I have always had a craving for drink, but I had kept it under control pretty well. Nora did not say anything to me that day, but the next time I called on her she seemed to be a changed woman. The color had nearly gone out of her cheeks, I remember, but she looked beautifully grand. I was a little afraid of her.

"Then she spoke of her father and their condition; 'I don't think drunkards ought to marry,' she said; 'and I have decided that I shall never marry a man who drinks.' She looked straight at me as she spoke, and her lips quivered.

"I resented what she said, because, of course, it was aimed at me. 'Does that mean that I am a drunkard and that you will not marry me?' I asked. 'It means,' she replied, 'that I shall not marry you unless you quit drinking, and promise me that you will not begin again.'

"Then I lost my temper, fool that I was, and told her what a pleasure it was to me to break our engagement—which was a base lie. Ah, she was a brave girl. She did not break down and cry nor carry on, but her face became paler than ever. Then she pleaded with me to be a man, and, I remember, she talked to me very much as you have done.

"I stayed away for a month, and then her father died—drink had killed him. I called again and tried to patch up our trouble; but there was only one thing that Nora would listen to, and that was that I should become a teetotaler. I wouldn't promise, and so we separated again. I drank harder than ever after that. She moved away and I lost track of her for a time.

"In a year I married another girl. We moved here to London. I did not drink for a whole year. A baby girl came, and then its mother died. From that day to this, I have been as a piece of driftwood on the ocean, without hope, without ambition, without strength to overcome my craving for drink, without power, it seems to me, to move in the direction of the good."

"Where is your little baby girl?" enquired Willard.

The man bowed his face in his hands. There was silence for a few moments and then a sob escaped him. Willard did not interrupt. Presently the man raised his head and said:

"You must pardon me for my weakness; but let me tell you further."

"Go on," urged Willard.

"It has been about a year since I have heard of Nora—until just the other day, about a week ago. I had been away all day trying to get something for my baby. Coming home at night I found that someone had been there—some good angel, my baby tried to tell me. The landlady described her to me, and I decided it was Nora. She had been in my poverty-stricken lodgings and had fed my baby. How she had found me, I cannot imagine. Once since then she has been there, and what do you think I found on my return? The floor of my dirty room scrubbed, my little girl with a new dress on, and some food in the otherwise empty cupboard."

Willard looked steadily at the man who was telling him all this, and then he said:

"And you mean to tell me, Mr. Thornton, that you have no hopes, no ambitions, no incentive to reform and become a man?"

"All this has come to me recently, my friend, and since then I have tried to do better. Oh, that I could be a man again!"

Willard Dean was much the younger man, but he had the inspiration of his calling, and he talked in a wise and fatherly way

to this man who was in such sore straights. He told him of the simple gospel plan which is the power of God unto salvation, told him of the part he would have to play in this plan, if he desired to get its benefits. Then Elder Donaldson came in and they all had "tea." They told their guest of their missionary experiences, how they had left their homes at the call of the priesthood; how they paid their own way; how they had to be very simple and economic in their living; how they were despised by the world generally—and all this for the love of their fellow-men, and the testimony of Jesus. And Dwight Thornton marveled at it all, and into his soul, struggling from its chaotic condition, there came the first faint impress of the power and the majesty of self-control and sacrifice for the good of others. The elders then initiated him into the mysteries of "Mormon" tea, and then they explained to him their views on eating and drinking.

"You see," explained Willard, "we cannot do much in the world to relieve the present want and suffering, because we ourselves are poor; but we can do that which is infinitely better. The giving of alms is a praiseworthy and good thing. Outward aid is good, but it is only temporary. That which enters the soul, and inspires the man to do something for himself, to develop his un-born strength and to make it a permanent, ever-growing power—that is of great importance and value in this world—and that is the restored gospel of Jesus Christ which we have to give to all the world."

Dwight Thornton went home that evening with more hope and happiness in his heart than he had ever before experienced.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## LEADERS AND FOLLOWERS.

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The following is as true today as when quoted years ago:

No man ever became a great leader unless he had great followers. Nor do great leaders appear until the people are ready to follow their leaders.

The Spirit of the Lord given the Latter-day Saints individually is what has made the work of their leaders so great a success, without which nothing of consequence could have been accomplished.



## SOME UTAH BIRDS.

BY CLAUDE T. BARNES, M. S. P. R., MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION AUDUBON SOCIETY.

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### 1.—THE WESTERN MEADOW LARK.

(*Sturnella Magna Neglecta.*)

“Now hear the lark,  
The herald of the morn.”

—SHAKESPEARE:—*Romeo and Juliet.*

When the fragrance of June roses fills the air, and the pasturage waves with green, the world is as blissful as the songs of the birds that rejoice in its bounteousness and sunshine. At such times one learns to love nature, and to long for the restful solitude of the wood, and the charming murmur of the mountain stream. Every little flower, then, has its meaning, and every song from the trees, its note of sympathy. As one rambles through grassy lanes and over open fields, there springs up from his path no bird more beloved than the song-filled western meadow lark, the little God-send to the farmer.

The meadow lark is so easily identified that none except the urbanite will require its description; but in order to introduce the reader to a few of the terms necessarily used in all ornithological sketches, a delineation of its main characteristics will be given.

One fine morning last April when specious blossoms and newly grown green made my heart dance with a glad appreciation of nature's bigness, fragrance and beauty, I strolled into a Utah meadow, enclosed by immense cottonwood trees and creek wil-

lows, wherein sang redwinged blackbirds, larks and western song-sparrows. Far above me, seagulls sailed in search of the ploughman. While I stood enjoying the scene, a meadow lark sat at the very tip of the highest cottonwood tree, and whistled with penetrating clearness and surprisingly accurate repetition, six different songs. In the newly sprouted lucern about me, several more



The Western Meadow Lark.

dashed about with a vivacity consistent with the season; and from their number I took one specimen. It is, in every way, typical of its kind; and, as it appears mounted before me, its description may be given as follows:

From tip to tip, the meadow lark is ten inches long; its tail is 3.25 in length, and its bill 1.25. The general aspect of the

back is dark brown with rusty and grayish intermixtures; in fact, each feather is blackish brown, margined with rusty and gray. Across the rump the tiny feathers are conspicuously barred with blackish brown stripes less than a sixteenth of an inch wide. The tail feathers above are similarly marked, with bars about an eighth of an inch in width. The outer three tail feathers, however, are crossed, obliquely, with broad, longitudinal bands of white, which have narrow bits of brown along the outer edge of the feathers near their ends. The secondaries (the quills growing upon the forearm of the wing), the tertiaries (the long inner quills of the wing growing from the elbow), the greater and the lesser wing coverts (the soft feathers covering the bases of the wing quills) are all barred like the tail, with blackish brown and rusty. There is a narrow median stripe of gray extending down the back of the head; and a similar one above each eye is of the same shade, except in front where it becomes bright yellow. On the edge or bend of the wing, there is a bright yellow patch.

The under surface of the bird is mostly bright yellow and gray. The chin, *epigastrium* (the portion just behind the breast) and the abdomen in general, are yellow. The sides of the head and the lower tail coverts are grayish white, distinctly marked with elongated spots of dark brown. The anal region (the *crissum*) is white. On the *jugulum* is a V shaped black patch strongly contrasting with the yellow about it; and on the sides of the neck each feather is gray with a medium stripe of brown.

The bill, which is long, straight and pointed, is light blue below, black above and at the tip; underneath, at its base, however, it has a reddish cast.

By reference to the picture, given herewith, many of these markings may be found.

Continuing, then, the Western meadow lark, as far as distribution is concerned, gives attractiveness to the fields of Indian Territory, Western Kansas, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, and of all the territory between these states and the Pacific. Utah people have noticed it also in Alberta, and Southern British Columbia, Southwestern Saskatchewan and Western Manitoba.

Its nest is usually beside a tuft of grass; and is built of coarse

grasses or weed stalks, lined with finer material of the same kind. The whole is neatly domed and so well hidden that one often flushes the mother bird before detecting the nest. The eggs usually five in number, are white, spotted and speckled with brown, purple and lavender.

The meadow lark is one of Utah's most common birds, and its song lends enchantment to almost every grassy lane. Sometimes it sings with liquid clearness "Utah's a pretty place," and at others, pours forth measures of greater complication and richness. F. Schuyler Matthews said that its minstrelsy reminded him of the first two bars of Alfredo's song in *La Traviata*, which are as follows:



Mr. Matthews said that the lark sang them this way:



At any rate, the song of the Western meadow lark is incomparably clear and sweet, far more thrilling, in fact, than that of the Eastern variety.

The lark seems to delight in caroling his rapturous melody from some fence post, though, in reality, he spends most of his time hunting insects and weed-seeds on the ground.

Without doubt the meadow lark is the most useful bird that flies about the Utah field. From season to season it eats pernicious bugs and mischief-making seeds, seldom varying its diet by devouring the unforbidden.

The following table made from data furnished by the Biological Survey United States Department of Agriculture, shows

clearly the great aid the meadow lark is to the Western farmer. The food of the bird for the year is as follows;

Months	Stomachs Examined	Animal Food	Grain	Weed Seeds	Total
Jan.	13	24.36	75.28	.36	100
Feb.	1	00	25.00	75.00	100
March	12	73.14	17.00	9.86	100
April	28	77.51	15.10	7.39	100
May	8	97.99	1.88	.13	100
June	20	95.79	2.10	2.11	100
July	18	97.32	.00	2.68	100
August	28	99.35	.00	.65	100
Sept.	29	99.20	.40	.40	100
Oct.	40	94.39	.61	5.00	100
Nov.	22	77.08	6.50	16.42	100
Dec.	19	39.22	32.70	28.08	100
Year	238	72.95%	14.71%	12.34%	100%

We see from this table that nearly three-fourths of the meadow lark's subsistence consists of insects, over twelve per cent is weed seed and less than fifteen per cent is grain. Furthermore, we notice that during the months of July and August—harvest time—it does not touch grain; and therefore we are led to conclude that what grain it does eat is gleaned from the fields, when the coldness of winter has driven insects away. When wheat is yellow in the fields, ninety-nine per cent of the meadow lark's food consists of animal life, mostly noxious bugs.

Of the *Orthoptera*, the meadow lark eats red-legged grasshoppers, meadow grasshoppers and crickets; indeed grasshoppers make up one-fourth of its yearly sustenance. Of the *Coleoptera*, it feeds on weevils, billbugs, curculios, clover weevils, fireflies, lady birds, snout beetles, leaf-eating beetles, fleas, rove beetles, tiger beetles, May beetles, and click beetles. It fares on butterflies, moths, cutworms, and army worms; the two last named are particularly destructive to the agriculturalist. Of the *Hemiptera* the meadow lark feeds upon stilt bugs, soldier bugs, spittle insects, assassin bugs, tree hoppers, jumping plant lice, and chinch bugs. It has been estimated, we may say, *en passant*, that during the last half century chinch bugs have alone destroyed grain in the United States to the value of \$330,000,000.

The meadow lark eats whenever it can find them, ants, wasps, stinging ants and ichneumon fleas, all of the order *Hymenoptera*, and devours readily ticks, snails, thousand legs, sowbugs and spiders.

In the winter months, it gleans from the fields some wheat, clover seed, corn and oats; but it is only because insects are scarce that it resorts to grain.

It feeds upon the seeds of pigeon grass, panic grass, smart weed, ragweed, black mustard and bayberry.

The meadow lark is protected by law in all the Western states except Missouri and Idaho; but despite this fact it is shot for food. Unlike the Eastern lark which flies with an occasional jerk of the wings, and then sails a short distance, the Western bird flies with a continuous flutter. Both varieties are easily killed on the wing.

The charming companion of the roadside, the tireless benefactor of man, the Western meadow lark should meet our greatest respect and protection.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

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### ONE REASON OF FAILURE.

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The late Henry A. Havemeyer, president of the American Sugar Refining Company, a week before his death, said:

"Why do business men fail? Because there are a lot of business men in the country who are fools. Now there are two kinds of fools. We are all born that way, but some of us educate ourselves out of it. That's the first class. Others go on being fools all their lives. That's the second class. A business man to attain success must educate himself out of the tendency to do foolish things. There are two influences always at work upon a man; one urges him to use his common sense; the other urges him to jump in the dark. Most of the men who fail in business jump in the dark. They don't know what they are doing half the time. They guess, instead of *know*."

## SPRINGTIME AND YOUTH.

BY PROF. J. C. HOGENSON OF THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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[This paper was read in chapel at the State Agricultural College of Utah, April 28, 1908.—EDITORS.]

In gazing about us upon the rugged mountains and fertile valleys, during the different seasons of the year, we have perhaps all been impressed by the great changes that take place in nature; when those majestic powers and forces are in operation, it shows to us our inferiority as compared with the infinite powers of the Creator. It demonstrates to us the insignificance of individual life and labor. Yet, if we think more deeply, we shall find something grand in man, something elevating and God-like, for the earth was made for him. Nature teaches us beautiful and instructive object lessons; especially when she awakens from her long sleep of winter, when the cold mantle of snow vanishes before the effectual rays of the sun. During this time of rest she has been storing up within her bosom supplies of nourishment and energy that are to serve her during the coming growing season, in building her various architectural designs. The trees send forth their young, tender foliage to nod and wave in the breezes; the flowers unfold in their fresh and varied beauty; the birds return from their long pilgrimages, build their nests and fill the air with their sweet songs; the balmy air moves serenely among the trees and plants; the warm sunshine sprouts the seed, and awakens the sapling; the blades of green, velvety grass hide the dark earth from view; the tiny, gauzy-winged insects flit about, here and there; the snowy, or pink-hued blossoms upon the fruit-trees, give evidence of bountiful supplies of juicy fruit; the fragrant scent of the roses, and the crimson berries nestling among the green leaves in the strawberry beds, all unite to beautify this awakening of nature to renewed life and energy.

These wonders have become so common to us that we scarcely

think of their greatness; yet, if we compare them with the youth-epoch of our lives, we will find that as spring is the all-important time in nature, so youth is the most important of our existence. We see the child grow from year to year, but we seldom think of the wonderful mechanism which works there harmoniously; of the powers that are formed, as that being grows in intelligence in the image of the Creator; of the influences to which it yields, and of the temptations which it overcomes.

This is the time during which the seeds of character are sown that are to grow and determine our future successes; not seeds, it is hoped, that will be choked out by thorns, or killed by the scorching rays of the summer sun, but seeds that will flourish and bear good fruit in future years. It has been truly said, "God gives the mind; man makes the character; the mind is the white page, the character is the writing we put upon it." Those people who have no aim or calling in life are greatly to be pitied; they labor without heart, and are as ships without rudders, cast about here and there by one and all. One brave will is worth more than a thousand, one soul with a resolute determination to *do* is of more significance than a host of them. Youth is the time for study and preparation for those duties which will determine our future usefulness among our fellow-men. Go into the room of a careless youth, who has no purpose or ambition in life, and you will find him idling away his time, with his room perhaps densely filled with tobacco smoke. On the other hand, go into the room of a youth who is filled with the spirit of industry, and who has some conception of the duties that await him in life, and you will find him in the companionship of books, storing his mind with knowledge from the articulate voices of the past. The men of antiquity are dead, their fleets and armies have disappeared, their cities are in ruins; yet all these exist in magic preservation in the books they have bequeathed to us. In our libraries we meet great men on a familiar footing, and feel at ease with them, we lose ourselves in their broader lives, and are encouraged to make greater efforts in forming those habits which are to characterize us in future life; for habits are like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the ground, or like drops of water that fall unnoticed into the ocean; no single flake or drop produces a sen-



sible change, but as the avalanche is hurled down the mountain side by the tempest, and overwhelms the inhabitants below, so act by act the conscience is entangled by the formation of cords of habit. If our success and happiness in the future depend so much upon our achievements in youth, how necessary it is that we begin properly to build upon a solid foundation which cannot be undermined by the fierce and restless waves of the sea of life. How important it is that we grasp every opportunity that is presented to us and develop it by persistent industry.

As civilization advances, human life becomes more and more significant, richer in enjoyments and opportunities to gain those essential requirements without which life would be as a barren waste. So, in looking back upon the past ages of the world, we see a path marked by proud measurements and mouldering ruins, the evidences of human aspirations and disappointments. Man comes and passes away like a cloud over the heavens, or as the sparkling dew before the morning sun; yet each leaves his imprint upon the sands of time.

Nearly all the successful men of our country have achieved their greatness and won their fortunes, not by sudden gains, but by the slow and cumbersome accumulations of continuous industry. Such a man was Stephen Girard, who left his native land when he was ten years of age, a cabin boy on a vessel. He came to New York in that capacity. His deportment was distinguished by such fidelity, industry and temperance, that he won the attachment and confidence of his master. When the master retired from business he promoted Girard to the command of a small vessel. Girard was a self-taught man, and the world was his school. It was a favorite theme with him, when afterwards he became rich, to relate that he commenced life with a sixpence, and to insist that a man's best capital is his industry. All professions and occupations which afforded a just reward for labor were honorable to him. He walked unharmed and unafraid in the midst of the worst pestilence that ever visited this country. He used to say to his friends, "Industry and integrity make men what they are." It was surely that which made him not only one of the greatest merchants in this country, but also one of the greatest benefactors the world has ever known. At one time he wrote to

a friend, "live like a galley-slave, constantly occupied. I do not value fortune. The love of labor, and the benefits I can bestow upon my fellow-men, are my main and highest motives."

There was perhaps never a time in the world's history when great success in any profession demanded harder or more constant labor than now. Men can no longer go into eminent positions at one leap, but those who have cultivated their talents well, scale the dizzy steeps of excellence and fame, because they have firm faith, a high resolve, and determination. Necessity is always the first stimulus to industry, and those who pursue their vocations in life with prudence, perseverance and energy, rarely fail. Viewed from this standpoint, labor is a blessing; the very root and spring of all that we call progress in individuals, and civilization in nations.

If, then, our youth and early manhood or womanhood be spent in the gaining of these desired ends, how gratifying it will be, as we go on in the fulfilment of our duties and reap the benefits of our early hours of study and toil. As the seeds that are sown in the spring grow into fields of beautiful golden grain in summer, and are harvested in the autumn with an increase of a hundred fold, so the knowledge obtained and habits formed in youth grow into honestly acquired power and spotless character in after life. Happiness and honor are the results, because we have learned and observed well the lessons of life, and these have kept us aloof from the path of degradation. Thus, a person who has spent well his youth will reap a rich and beautiful harvest in future life. He will not then at the close of life have cause to look back upon it with feelings of regret, but will thank God for the useful life he has spent. As the poet Bryant has truly said:

So live, that when thy summons comes, to join  
The innumerable caravan which moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go, not like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams!

Logan, Utah.

## THE PHILOSOPHERS ON CONDUCT.

BY MILTON BENNION, PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY OF  
UTAH.

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### I.

While the ancient Egyptians, the Hebrews and other primitive peoples, developed notable codes of morals, or collections of practical precepts, there was no systematic effort to find for these precepts a purely philosophical foundation, until Socrates undertook such an investigation. In the far East Hindu Brahmins and Chinese philosophers, and in the West, Pythagoras, whose thought is more pregnant with the spirit of oriental mysticism than with that of Greek philosophy, had made some contributions to a philosophy of conduct. These philosophies, however, had very little influence upon European thought.

Philosophy arose in Greece about 600 B. C. as a series of speculations about the nature of things. This early philosophy might be called "speculative physics." It dealt with questions of origin and decay, permanence and change, what is real and what is only an illusion of the senses, and other problems of this sort. A number of these physicists, as they are sometimes called, also talked of the problems of conduct. This part of their thought is, however, practical rather than theoretical, and represents the reflections of wise men upon life's experiences. Most notable among these philosophers of the Pre-Socratic School are Heraclitus and Democritus. The latter was a contemporary of Socrates, but is classified with the older school.

It is the purpose of this series merely to introduce the philosophers, and to allow them to speak for themselves on the prob-

lems of conduct, by printing selected quotations from their writings. In this number we present a little from each of the three Pre-Socratic Greek philosophers named above. The selections are taken from Professor Blakewell's *Source Book in Ancient Philosophy* (Scribners), with permission of the publishers.

#### PYTHAGORAS AND THE PYTHAGOREANS.

Pythagoras flourished about 530 B. C. Little is known of his life and personality. He is regarded by some as a mythical character; by others he has been identified with the Hindu Buddha. Usually, however, he is regarded as a Greek, born at Samos, and founder of a school or philosophical and religious brotherhood, at Crotona, in Magna Græcia (Italy). How much of the supposed teachings of Pythagoras is really due to him, and how much represents additions and elaborations by his followers of later times is not known. It is more truthful, therefore, to speak of these teachings as the Pythagorean doctrines.

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE PYTHAGOREAN GOLDEN WORDS.

[Translated by Thomas Davidson.]

The gods immortal, as by law disposed,  
First venerate, and reverence the oath:  
Then to the noble heroes, and the powers  
Beneath the earth, do homage with just rites.

Thy parents honor and thy nearest kin,  
And from the rest choose friends on virtue's scale,  
To gentle words and kindly deeds give way,  
Nor hate thy friend for any slight offense.  
Bear all thou canst, for Can dwells nigh to Must.  
These things thus know.

What follow learn to rule:

The belly first, then sleep and lust and wrath  
Do nothing base with others or alone:  
But most of all thyself in reverence hold.

Then practice justice both in deed and word,  
Nor let thyself wax thoughtless about aught:  
But know that death's the common lot of all.

Be not untimely wasteful of thy wealth,  
Like vulgar men, nor yet illiberal.  
In all things moderation answers best.

Do things that profit thee: think ere thou act.

Let never sleep thy drowsy eyelids greet,  
Till thou hast pondered each act of the day:  
"Wherein have I transgressed? what have I done?  
What duty shunned?"—beginning from the first,  
Unto the last. Then grieve and fear for what  
Was basely done; but in the good rejoice.

Be glad to gather goods, nor less to lose.

Of human ills that spring from spirit-powers  
Endure thy part nor peevishly complain.  
Cure what thou canst; 'tis well, and then reflect:  
"Fate never lays too much upon the good."

Be not neglectful of thy body's health;  
But measure use in drink, food, exercise—  
I mean by "measure" what brings no distress.

Follow a cleanly, simple mode of life,  
And guard against such acts as envy breed.  
Then, if, when thou the body leav'st thou mount  
To the free ether, deathless shalt thou be,  
A god immortal,—mortal nevermore!

#### HERACLITUS.

[Flourished about 505 B. C.]

Because of his serious attitude toward life, Heraclitus was called "The Weeping Philosopher." The following selections are from *The Fragments*.

23. Were there no injustice men would never have known the name of justice.

28. Even he who is most highly esteemed knows and cherishes nothing but opinions. And yet justice shall surely overcome forgers of lies and false witness.

29. There is one thing that the best men prize above all—eternal glory above all perishable things. Most men, however, stuff themselves like cattle.

41. Wisdom is one thing. It is to know the thought by which all things through all are guided.

43. It is more necessary to extinguish wantonness than a conflagration.

50. It is wise to hearken not to me, but to the Word, and to confess that all things are one.

8 Opposition brings men together, and out of discord comes the fairest harmony, and all things have their birth in strife.

95. It is best to hide one's folly, but it is hard when relaxed over the wine cups.

97. Dogs bark at every one whom they do not know.

101. I have sought to understand myself.

107. Eyes and ears are bad witnesses to men who have not an understanding heart.

110. It were not good for men that all their wishes should be fulfilled.

111. It is disease that makes health pleasant; evil, good; hunger, plenty; weariness, rest.

112. Wisdom is the foremost virtue, and wisdom consists in speaking the truth, and in lending an ear to nature and acting according to her.

116. It is in the power of all men to know themselves and to practice temperance.

117. A man when he is drunk is led about by a beardless boy; he reels along paying no heed where he goes, for his soul is wet.

118. A dry soul is the wisest and the best.

119. Man's character is his fate.

#### DEMOCRITUS.

[Flourished about 420 B. C.]

Democritus is known as the "Laughing Philosopher" because he made happiness the goal of life.

#### THE FRAGMENTS.

2. Of practical wisdom these are the three fruits: to deliberate well, to speak to the point, to do what is right.

3. He who intends to enjoy life should not be busy about many things, and in what he does should not undertake what exceeds his natural capacity. \* \*

#### THE GOLDEN SAYINGS OF DEMOCRITUS.

37. If one choose the goods of the soul, he chooses the diviner [portion]; if the goods of the body, the merely mortal.

40. 'Tis not in strength of body nor in gold that men find happiness, but in uprightness and in fulness of understanding.

41. Not from fear, but from a sense of duty, refrain from your sins.

43. Repentance from one's evil deeds is the safeguard of life.

45. He who does wrong is more unhappy than he who suffers wrong.

53. Many who have not learned wisdom live wisely, and many who do the basest deeds can make most learned speeches.

54. Fools learn wisdom [only] through misfortune.

55. One should emulate works and deeds of virtue, not arguments about it.
57. Strength of body is nobility in beasts of burden, strength of character is nobility in men.
58. The hopes of the right-minded may be realized, those of fools are impossible.
60. It is better to correct your own faults than those of another.
61. Those who have a well-ordered character lead also a well-ordered life.
62. Good means not [merely] not to do wrong, but rather not to desire to do wrong.
64. There are many who know many things, yet are lacking in wisdom.
77. Fame and wealth without wisdom are unsafe possessions.
78. Making money is not without its value, but nothing is baser than to make it by wrong-doing.
68. You can tell the man who rings true from the man who rings false, not by his deeds alone, but also by his desires.
82. False men and shams talk big and do nothing.
89. My enemy is not the man who wrongs me, but the man who means to wrong me.
98. The friendship of one wise man is better than the friendship of a host of fools.
108. Seek after the good and with much toil shall ye find it; the evil turns up of itself without your seeking it.
111. For a man, petticoat government is the limit of insolence.
119. Men have made an idol of luck as an excuse for their own thoughtlessness. Luck seldom measures swords with wisdom. Most things in life quick wit and sharp vision can set right.
160. An evil and foolish and intemperate and irreligious life should not be called a bad life, but rather, dying long drawn out.
174. The right-minded man, ever inclined to righteous and lawful deeds, is joyous day and night, and strong, and free from care. But if a man take no heed of the right, and leave undone the things he ought to do, then will the recollection of no one of all his transgressions bring him any joy, but only anxiety and self-reproaching.
231. A sensible man takes pleasure in what he has instead of pining for what he has not.
233. Throw moderation to the winds, and the greatest pleasures bring the greatest pains.
191. \* \* \* One ought not to desire other men's blessings, and one ought not to envy those who have more, but rather, comparing his life with that of those who fare worse, and laying to heart their sufferings, deem himself blest of fortune in that he lives, and fares so much better than they. Holding fast this saying, you will pass your life in greater tranquility and will avert not a few of the plagues of life—envy and jealousy and bitterness of mind.

Forest Dale, Utah.

## THOUGHTS OF A FARMER.

BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER.

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### VIII—WEEDS.

In Canada there are weed inspectors whose duty it is to prevent the spread of noxious weeds. The wild oat, the stink weed, and certain species of mustard, are among the weeds most dreaded. Ordinary weeds may be overcome by planting grain which will so cover the ground as to give them no opportunity to grow. Wheat, for example, will choke out many kinds of weeds, and the important thing is to plant the wheat so early that it gets the start of the weeds, and thick enough to cover the ground thoroughly. Ground left for a single year, uncultivated, will raise an enormous crop of weeds. It is surprising how quick the weeds will take a neglected field. Constant cultivation is the only safeguard against their growth; and even then, weeds will make inroads which it seems impossible to stem. There are, however, certain kinds of weeds, usually designated noxious, which the thrifty growth of wheat will not choke out. When once they get a hold upon the land, it is almost impossible to exterminate them, and sometimes fields must be abandoned even after they have been summer fallowed. The careful farmer is ever on the alert after noxious weeds. Last summer we went about through the field with a wagon pulling up the stink weed wherever one could be found, putting it carefully away in the wagon, in which it was hauled to some suitable place to be burned. The wheat does not choke it out. On the other hand, it soon chokes out the wheat, and if not fought heroically, it takes the field. In other words, the wheat must have superior aid in smothering down noxious weeds.



Now, it is often said that if one will only fill up completely one's life with good, the evil that now and then creeps in will be choked out by the growth of that which is true and ennobling. In the first place, it is quite as impossible to fill every corner of one's life with good as it is to cover every spot in a wheat field with a luxuriant growth. True, the weeds in the bare spots may be overcome by summer fallowing, but the harmless weed always invites the noxious one, so that if the bare spot is left too long to grow harmless weeds, the farmer is sure to find in his field, weeds that are almost impossible to kill out. The doctrine of overcoming the evil by an abundant supply of the good finds another difficulty in the fact that so many evils are so noxious and enormous that they choke out the good rather than succumb to it. But where do these noxious weeds come from, one may ask? That is a puzzle. Their seeds are wafted in the air, and they grow in neighboring fields that are neglected. When once they get a start, they are too much for the grain.

So it is in life; there are smaller evils that may be smothered by good, but he who imagines that heroic measures are not often necessary in choking out the noxious evils of life, finds his mistake after the field is taken. It is never safe to leave the evil in one's nature to be overcome by the good. The fact is, we need inspectors with all of their rules and regulations to help us, and their punishments to correct us, when we do not heed their instructions. These inspectors often detect weeds that are noxious where the unsophisticated farmer never dreams that there is a noxious weed, in miles of his farm. The inspector helps us to see, and then to correct the evil. There are many people in this world who do not admit the need of a teacher, and whose minds become rank with all sorts of noxious growths which they either do not see or to which they are criminally indifferent. Again, some people disdain the suggestion that they need help to better or correct their ways of life. What would some of us do if we were laid over for a season or two in order that the fields of our moral and spiritual natures might be summer fallowed, and the grosser evils weeded out of our lives? That is what we may need, if we be not lost altogether. It may seem like a loss of time, but after all, the soil gains strength by the working, and makes good when the work of

life begins again. There are, perhaps, no fields that may not be improved by summer fallowing. There is a Husbandman in life with whose watchful care we may well entrust ourselves, when the evils about us threaten to overpower the good that is within us.

It is, of course, a most excellent doctrine which teaches us so to fill our lives with that which is useful and good that there will be but little or no place for evil to dwell. But it has its exceptions, at any rate its modifications; for there are evils which, when once they take hold upon our lives, the good that is within us will not choke out. We need help from without. The help of friends, and above all, the help of God.

If our neighbors have stink weeds growing in their fields, the weeds are very likely soon to cross the partition fence and make havoc upon our own ground. What an unfortunate thing it is to have neighbors whose fields grow all sorts of noxious weeds! A man who would be respectable himself, finds it difficult, when surrounded by those whose habits are noxious and whose lives are infected with evil.

Alberta. Canada.

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#### PRESIDENT YOUNG'S COUNSEL TO THE SOLDIERS.

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In speaking to the boys who were about to be mustered into the famous "Mormon Battalion," to serve as volunteers in the war with Mexico, President Brigham Young, on July 1, 1846, urged the prudence of enlisting to defend our country's cause, and in his speech that day said, as recorded in his journal:

"Let the 'Mormons' be the first men to set their feet on the soil of California. Be humble, and pray every morning and evening in your tents. A private soldier is as honorable as an officer, if he behaves as well. No one is distinguished as being better flesh and blood than another. Honor the calling of every man in his place. Keep neat and clean, teach chastity, equality and civility; swearing must not be permitted. Insult no man. Have no contentious conversations with any class of people. Impose not your principles on any people. Take your Bibles and Books of Mormon with you; burn your cards, if you have any."

This is good counsel, even to this day.

## THE GERMAN CARNIVAL.

BY C. ELMER BARRETT.

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About forty days before Easter, in most Catholic and many protestant cities of Europe, is held what is generally known as the "Carnival," and in Germany as "Fastnacht."

This festival, instituted about the beginning of the 15th century by the Catholic church, was, perhaps, originally observed in commemoration of the forty days fast of our Lord and Savior, and was a holy day, a day of fasting and prayer. Beginning at this time and lasting until Easter, was the time of fasting; this fasting, however, consisted only in abstaining from animal foods. Any other food might be eaten, for the fast at this time was the abstinence from meat alone.

This holy day was observed in prayer and in the confessing of sins. Some outward sign of penance, such as a black cloak or heavy veil, usually accompanied their ceremonies at this time.

At present, however, the day has been adopted by the general populace; not as a day of fasting and prayer, but as one of drinking and merry-making. The cloaks and veils have been changed to hideous costumes and ugly masks. The spirit of sacredness and humility of the former holy day is now contrasted by one of worldliness and sacrilegiousness of the present holiday.

A large portion of the population mask themselves and parade the streets, attend mask balls, and spend their time in public houses. So masked, and thus feeling themselves secure as to the detection of their identity, they overstep all bounds of propriety and common sense, and give their passions full sway. One sees, to one's surprise, more masked women and girls on the streets and in the public houses and cafes than men. Thus masked,

they parade the streets and visit the saloons and wine rooms until late in the night, when daylight drives them home.

In the larger Catholic cities of Germany, such as Cologne, Mayence and Munich, much time and money are spent in preparation for this time, and often many go hungry and cold afterward in order to take part in the Carnival.

The Carnival proper begins on the Sunday immediately preceding Ash Wednesday, and lasts three days.

The desecration of the first day, Sunday, is frightful; nearly all business houses are open, and places where beer and whisky can be obtained are decorated and are open at all times. At night the whole town resembles the underworld in the blaze of color and low life.

On Monday, the big procession takes place, which is very costly, and in which many thousands of people take part. This is followed again by drinking and carousing.

On Tuesday, the last day, things reach the point of culmination, and many are the men and women who don't recover from its effects for weeks, and the whole ends up with brilliant mask balls and concerts.

At these mask balls it is usual to admit no one who is not masked. These dances often prove to be very immoral, and usually lasts from 10 o'clock in the evening until five and six in the morning. One will always find wine rooms on the sides, where the dancers repair to satisfy their perverted appetites.

It is a recognized fact here that thousands of illegitimate children are called into the world as a direct cause of the Carnival. It is really surprising that such festivals are found in a civilized country and indulged in by a Christian people.

Darmstadt, Germany.

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#### METAPHOR.

*Harper's Monthly* gives the following, by Campbell, as the most perfect and unmingled metaphor in the English language:—

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.

## REMINISCENCES OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

BY SUSAN YOUNG GATES.

When the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, the Patriarch, occurred on the 27th of June, 1844, Brigham Young with others of the Twelve were in Boston preaching the gospel, and advocating the candidacy of the Prophet for president of the United States. Brigham Young was lodging with Apostle Wilford Woodruff when he heard the awful news. Brother Woodruff has said that Brigham Young paced the floor of their lodging room all night, after receiving the news, and was in such a state of agony of mind that he could not be comforted.



Brigham Young.

From an oil painting, painted in Philadelphia, and finished the day he was forty years old, 1841.

In after years President Young himself said that added to his bitter grief over the death of his beloved Prophet, was his despairing wonder as to the condition of the Church, under the blow which had fallen; had the Priesthood, its presiding authority, and its organizing powers, fled with the martyred Prophet? That was the stinging question which whipped round his mind at every lash of despairing remembrance of the martyrdom. Joseph had been supreme in matters temporal and spiritual. Those who

had arisen to dispute his authority, or to cast his counsels to the wind, had sunk into obscurity and ruin with terrifying speed. Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Wilford Woodruff; these strong men

had seen such calamities happen to those who scorned that little-understood power which was wielded by the Prophet, hence they trembled at the very thought of facing life without his guidance.

Suddenly, in that tiny lodging room in Boston, Brigham Young was filled with the light of inspiration; he clapped his hand upon his knee as he exclaimed:

“The keys of the kingdom are not taken from the earth. The Prophet left them with the Twelve Apostles.”

When the Apostles gathered in Nauvoo, Sidney Rigdon was making a two-fold claim: he averred that Joseph Smith was



Sidney Rigdon.

a fallen prophet, and that the Church must follow him, or they would be destroyed. The claim of Brigham Young was: “Joseph Smith was, is, and ever will be, the Prophet of the nineteenth century. He is in the heavens, side by side with the prophets of old, at the right hand of God. He will stand at the head of this generation, and no man can take his place here or hereafter. The policy, the plan, the order, the works of Joseph, are to be the guide of the Saints.” That was the powerful claim set forth in the very

voice and looks of the Prophet himself, in that wonderful meeting in the Nauvoo bowery. And the people answered the call of Brigham Young with high-uplifted hands, and a united Amen.

To his dying day, Brigham Young proudly maintained such deep loyalty to his leader. Joseph's ideas, his designs, the revelations of God to him, all these were studied daily and hourly by his supremely fearless and passionately devoted follower. Never, in all the troubled after years, did Brigham Young feel a quiver of fear or a spasm of doubt or gloom regarding the mission of Joseph Smith. The Prophet once said that Brigham Young was his safest

friend. It is a beautiful thought to those who love and honor them both, to reflect upon their united and glorious labors while in this world, and their union on the other side.

The life, the labors, the whole purpose of Brigham Young was dedicated to the carrying out of the plans and general policy of the Prophet. Not because they were Joseph's, but because Joseph Smith was, is, and ever will be the Prophet and leader of the Church of Christ in this dispensation; because Joseph Smith lived, loved, suffered and freely gave his life to carry out the plans and purposes of the Lord; because Joseph Smith was the new revealer of Jesus Christ to this day and generation.

As Joseph Smith was the friend and devoted follower of the Savior, so Brigham Young was the friend and devoted follower of Joseph Smith. The feeble lips of Brigham Young, as he lay dying on that August 29, 1877, uttered the all-abiding thought and purpose of his life; they murmured, "Joseph—Joseph—Joseph—Joseph."

Together in life, together in death, these two, with a supreme loyalty surpassing that of David and Jonathan, have passed to the great beyond, and are laboring there as a perfect unit. As Joseph loved Jesus, so Brigham loved Jesus and Joseph.

The following extracts from the words and writings of Brigham Young, which have never before been printed, will add to the testimonies of his love and loyalty for his prophet leader:

On Tuesday, February 22, 1847, President Young met with the brethren of the Twelve in the Historian's office, Winter Quarters. Conversation ensued relative to emigrating westward. President Young related the following dream:

"While sick, and asleep, about noon-day of the 17th inst., I dreamed that I went to see Joseph. He looked perfectly natural, sitting with his feet on the lower round of his chair. I took hold of his right hand and kissed it many times, and said to him, 'Why is it that we cannot be together as we used to be? You have been away from us a long time, and we want your society, and I do not like to be separated from you.'

"Joseph, rising from his chair and looking at me with his usual earnest, expressive and pleasing countenance, said, 'It is all right.'

"I replied, 'I do not like to be away from you.'

"Joseph said, 'It is all right; we cannot be together yet; we shall be, by-and-by; but you will have to do without me awhile, and then we shall be together again.'

"I then discovered there was a hand right between us. Joseph stood by a window, and to the southwest of him it was very light. I was in the twilight, and to the north of me it was very dark. I said, 'Brother Joseph, the brethren, you know them well, better than I do, you raised them up, and brought the Priesthood to us, the brethren have a great anxiety to understand the law of adoption, or the sealing principles; and if you have a word of counsel for me, I should be glad to receive it.'

"Joseph stepped toward me, and, looking very earnestly, yet pleasantly, said, 'Tell the people to be humble and faithful, and be sure to keep the Spirit of the Lord, and it will lead them right. Be careful and not turn away the small, still voice; it will teach what to do and where to go; it will yield the fruits of the kingdom. Tell the brethren to keep their hearts open to convictions, so that when the Holy Ghost comes to them, their hearts will be ready to receive it. They can tell the Spirit of the Lord from all other spirits; it will whisper peace and joy to their souls; it will take malice, strife and hatred, and all evil, from their hearts; and their whole desire will be to do good, bring forth righteousness, and build up the kingdom of God. Tell the brethren if they will follow the Spirit of the Lord, they will go right. Be sure to tell the people to keep the Spirit of the Lord; and if they will, they will find themselves just as they were organized by our Father in heaven, before they came into the world. Our Father in heaven organized the human family, but they are all disorganized and in great confusion.'

"Joseph then showed me the pattern, how they were in the beginning. This I cannot describe, but I saw it, and saw where the Priesthood had been taken from the earth, and how it must be joined together, so that there would be a perfect chain from Father Adam to his latest posterity. Joseph again said, 'Tell the people to be sure to keep the Spirit of the Lord, and follow it, and it will lead them just right.'"

Brigham Young arrived in Nauvoo after the martyrdom in

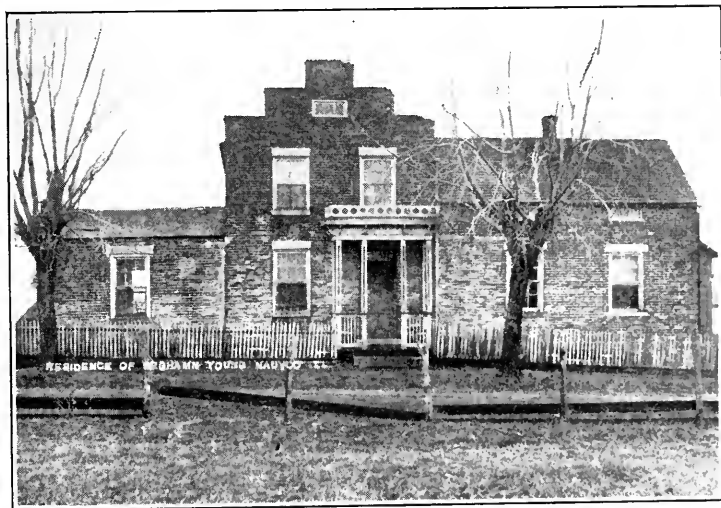


the latter part of July; and as he left his motherless daughter, Vilate, in Boston, in care of the president of the branch at that place, Elder N. H. Felt, he was very anxious for her, when he wrote her the following letters, dated August, 1844:

I do not know when I shall go East again. The Church are not willing to have Brother Kimball or myself go from this place at all.

Then, in another letter dated August 11, 1844, to Vilate, who was with the family of N. H. Felt, he gives a sketch of his journey from the East by way of Buffalo, Detroit, Galena, St. Croix, and Nauvoo, he says:

A brother came to us in Galena and told us Brother Samuel Smith had died with billious fever. We found many of our friends coming down the river. They were very glad to see us. We came with perfect safety; arrived home on Tuesday evening just at dusk. Our families and the brethren were overjoyed to see us come home, for they were like children without a father, and they felt so, you



Brigham Young's Home in Nauvoo.

may be sure. All things are now reviving again. The brethren prayed with all faith for us to return. I cannot say much about the families of Brothers Joseph and Hyrum, for I have not had time to call on them yet. I have been in council almost the whole time since I arrived here. But this much I can say: The spirit of Joseph and Hyrum is here, though we cannot enjoy their presence. Because of the great anxiety of the Church, there was a conference held last Thursday. The power of the Priesthood was explained, and the order thereof; on which the whole Church lifted up their voices and hands for the Twelve to move forward and

organize the Church, and lead it as Joseph led it, which is our indispensable duty to do. The brethren feel well to think the Lord is still merciful to us as a people. The temple is going forward with greater rapidity than ever before; the brethren are very anxious to have it finished, so they can receive their blessings. I want you to be steady, go to school, and practice on the piano. Get all you can while you have the opportunity.

You must be a good girl and pray for me and all the rest of us, that we may live long upon the earth to do good. Take the counsel of Brother and Sister Felt, and see Sister Cobb as often as you can, and hearken to her instruction.

A word to Brother Felt: I am happy to say to you that all things are going pretty well here at present. I think the mob are satisfied, now they have killed Joseph and Hyrum. It has been a time of mourning; the day that Joseph and Hyrum were brought from Carthage, to Nauvoo, it was judged by many, both in and out of the Church, that there were more than five barrels of tears shed. I cannot bear to think anything about it. The Twelve will govern all Church affairs. We have appointed the two oldest bishops of the Church for trustees, who will take charge of all temporal affairs, while we attend to the spiritual affairs. We shall organize all the Church throughout the world, as soon as possible—with presidents, bishops, patriarchs, yearly and quarterly conferences. I would say to such as want to come up, to come. The temple is going ahead faster than ever. We shall push it with all our might. Crops are fine, wheat forty cents a bushel. The river keeps up high. I must say farewell. You may read this where you please.—BRIGHAM YOUNG.

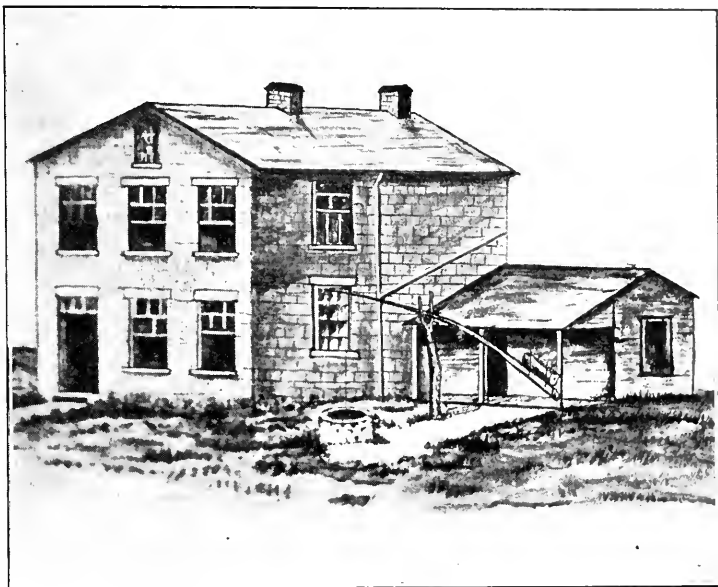
The following letter was written to Vilate Young by her aunt, Fannie Murray, a childless widow who was own sister to Brigham Young. The touching spirit of the letter is only exceeded by its fine literary quality:

Emma has a young son, three months old perhaps; she calls him David Hyrum; says Joseph named it before he died—they call him the young prophet.

To my own dear Vilate:—(In November). Alone in the old log house I sit me down this morning to write a few lines to the dear child who lives forever in my warmest affections, and whose welfare and happiness lies near my heart, and causes many an anxious sigh to escape my breast—little can you realize, my dear Vilate, the heart-aching hours and hard-wrung tears I have wept for you—yet these have passed away. And I now view you pleasantly situated, surrounded with friends and the comforts of life—friends, too, who possess sentiments of the most refined sensibility, and who are trustworthy; this comforts my heart and reconciles me to your absence. We talk about you, and dream about you, and our hearts leap forward to the day when we can embrace and kiss you and weep with joy at your return.

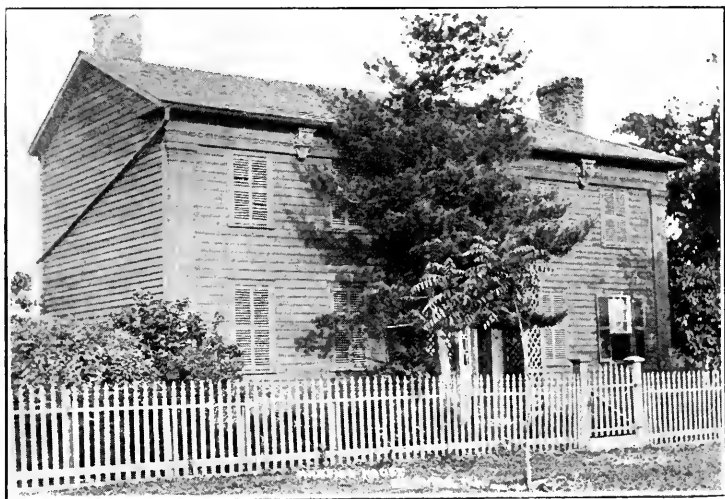
I must now beg to tell you the news, but where shall I begin? You have doubtless heard of your Uncle Greene's death; this was a great grief to me, I have few more such friends to lose; however, all is right; I have no cause to complain. Your aunt, Angeline, with her husband, has gone off with the Rigdonites, and many others are gone with them. Mr. Rigdon says Joseph was a fallen prophet,

and the people must follow him, Rigdon, or they will all be lost. Vilate, you must read the Book of Mormon a great deal, it will show you what is coming to pass in these last days. It has been a season of trouble and distress here, since last June, yet my heart rejoices to see the work of the Lord roll on. Court has been sitting in Carthage for two or three months; broke up yesterday—thirteen men were



Carthage Jail as it was in 1844.

indicted for the murder of Joseph and Hyrum. I know not how it terminated; but the probability is, if they put them in jail, they would soon find the way out again. A man by the name of Daniels, who has turned State's evidence says: that he drove the wagon from Warsaw that contained the coffin made for Joseph. He was sent by the man he was working for, and knew not why he was going, until he got fairly in the job; he then thought he would go along, and see what they would do. He did so; and when they were within a few miles of Carthage some men met them and told them to make haste for everything was ready. The governor was gone to Nauvoo, and the guard had got their guns prepared in a way that would not hurt them if they should fire upon them, which they would be obliged to do to save their credit. Then they hastened on, and consummated their horrid work. He saw Joseph when he was in the window and heard him say, "Lord God, what shall I do?" He then fell from the window apparently dead, although a ball had not struck him. But as soon as he fell, four men discharged the contents of their rifles upon him. At that instant, a light like lightning flashed by them and spread around the body of Joseph. This so astonished and frightened the four that shot him, they could neither speak nor stir, but sallied



The Mansion House, Nauvoo, Ill.

back against a fence, as motionless, as unable to flee, as the body they had murdered. There was one appointed to take his head off, which they were going to send to Missouri, and his body was going to be cut in pieces, and sent around among his enemies. But behold, they could not fulfil the purpose which their hearts had decreed! The captain ordered the four motionless, stiffened men that shot him, put into a baggage wagon and thus carried them home; and one of them has been confined to his bed from that hour to this. I heard last week he was dead, but know not whether it be true. Vilate, you must pray much for your father, that he may have great wisdom; and likewise that he may be delivered from those wicked murderers, for they seek his life as they did Joseph's. He enjoys good health, but the cares that are upon him are all that he can bear. He prays for his own little Vilate and those she is associated with, every day.

I heard the Missourians were gathering on the other side of the river, and we were likely to have trouble here. I thought I would wait and see how it terminated. The result was, there came a snowstorm and drove them all home. How long will they let us rest? I know not; but they seem bent on mischief, and I fear they will never again rest till there is more blood shed. At court, in Carthage, there were a number of Indians came peeping about to find Joseph's blood; it frightened the people very much. I must rectify a mistake I made about Mr. Daniels. He did indeed go to Carthage with the company that killed Joseph, and he saw everything as I have related, but had nothing to do with it; and tried to get to the governor to let him know, but found he could do nothing. He then thought he would see all he could, and bear testimony of it. But it was young Bracken who drove the wagon with the coffin—and who turned State's evidence. I had the two blended together in my mind.

I have scarcely had a moment with your father since I returned from Quincy. A visit with him would be a great treat.—FANNIE MURRAY.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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### HOME CULTURE.

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One of the sweetest and best gifts of God to man is the disposition to do right. Many temptations and whisperings of evil are overcome by the person who possesses this precious desire in his inmost feeling. It is a strong fortification, acting as a protection for the physical man, and for the salvation of the soul.

In most children there is naturally implanted this desire from birth, and even before, perhaps, from the spirit world; but also, co-equal with it, is the seed of evil. Good and evil, right and wrong, we are taught, are eternal principles. So that it depends greatly upon the teachings, the surrounding influences, whether or not the right and the good shall thrive in the life of the child, or whether the wrong and the evil shall prevail. It is here that the responsibility of parents is manifest. All growth must have protection in its early stages; that is true of all plant life, of all animal life, as well. It is true also of all the spiritual, moral and intellectual principles. It is, therefore, true of the naturally implanted seeds of good and evil in the child. The duty of parents, then, is to cultivate the germs of good and right; and choke out the evil and the wrong, in the minds of their children.

That, of course, is more easily said than done. But I believe that much of the evil we see about us in the lives of the young could be prevented, if any cultivation at all were systematically pursued. I fear that there is even more neglect in this field than in the fields of plant life around us. In the latter we are beginning to appreciate the value of the preparation and the cultivation of the soil; and we go to great expense to learn from insti-

tutes, schools, agricultural colleges, and actual trial and experience, what is most expedient and necessary to produce the best results and gain the greatest harvest. Our husbandmen have already made appreciable advancement in the past few years in this respect. Our orchards are yielding better fruit; our fields of tomatoes, potatoes, and beets, richer returns; and our wheat fields, more bounteous crops. We are being rewarded abundantly for our pains in this direction. There is thrift, health, growth in these material affairs, which is good and very necessary.

The temporal may be taken as a sample of the moral and spiritual. Effort will be rewarded in this field also. And we have no lack of schools and colleges, organizations, quorums, and meetings, where the theories of the proper cultivation of the soil of moral and spiritual conditions are taught. The danger is that we learn the theories, but fail, because we are interested in other things, in the full practice and application of these theories. They are not put into practical use on the moral and spiritual farm, which is the home. There are some homes, like some fields, that are shamefully neglected, uncultivated, and uncared for. Then there are men and women who are actually placing the fault for this neglect on the organizations in which only the theories can be learned, organizations which at best can only be helps. But the fault is with the husbandmen—the parents. They may have learned in our splendid schools and organizations the theories, but failed to practice them on the farm—in the home, the field of manhood and womanhood—from which the harvests—the results—are to come. The fruits in the one case, are weeds, and miserable crops; in the other, bad children, and crime.

I am told that since last October the names of nearly one thousand children, belonging, of course, to all creeds and classes, in Salt Lake county alone, have appeared on the records of the Juvenile court for various offenses, theft, incorrigibility, moral delinquencies. These children range in age from about ten to eighteen years; and the highest percentages of names appear at about the average age, fourteen years.

Enquiry into the causes for these conditions develops the fact that the primary evil is in permitting children to roam the streets at night when they ought to be at home, under the parent's watch-

care and protection. Here, then, is one item for cultivation, one line of work, that should be looked after in the home. What can I do in my home to interest my child, so that he will love its environment better than that of the street? But asking questions is not enough. Parents must act, and that firmly, as well. They must provide means as well as ask questions. They must set proper examples. They must not devote the entire week to worldly affairs, and then turn their children loose on Sunday, while they themselves loiter about or seek pleasure, and at the same time expect their children to attend to their duties.

A second cause of evil, is lack of confidence between parents and children. Parents should know what their children think and desire. Children often come and go without restraint or consent. Here again is work to change this condition, to create absolute confidence between parents and children. Where children seek the counsel of fathers and mothers, in all they contemplate doing, there is little danger of their going astray; and opportunities are thus created for counsel to be given, discriminations to be shown, that will help the children, and lead them away from evil thoughts, acts, and errors of judgment. Most children are reasonable if properly shown the right. Many crimes are committed through ignorance. Children need to be enlightened kindly, gently, but firmly, and made to respect the authority of their parents. But they must also be taught properly. This one thought alone that the first wrong, the first lie, the first crime, requires others to cover it, and that no matter how many wrongs or crimes are piled upon the first, it can never be hidden, but must be revealed,—is a wonderful preventive of evil.

Let it be understood by them that evil, if not confessed, grows by acquiring additional and greater and greater wrongs to cover it up, until at last crime is apparently required. Such is the recent terrible tragedy in the southern part of our state. That doubtless began in an evil suggestion which, by confidence in father and mother, an honest, open confession to them, might have been avoided, but which, for lack of it ended in foul murder. Even the second, third, fourth, or fifth step confessed, would have prevented the fatal, final one. No crime can be hidden, and a preventive—open confession—is the best remedy against its further growth. Confessions are made only to those

in whom we have confidence. Children should be taught to confide in their parents, and be required to counsel with them in all important steps.

It is the duty of parents to cultivate the original desire in their children's hearts to do the right. They must keep the field of home free from evil moral growths, and apply to the methods of doing so, at least no less, and in my estimation vastly more expense, care, anxiety, consideration and toil, than they do to their highly cultivated fields of wheat, beets and tomatoes, and their well-sprayed orchards of splendid fruit.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

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### BAPTISM OF CHIEF WASHAKIE.

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In volume three of the *IMPROVEMENT ERA*, in a notice of the death of this noted Indian chief, it was stated in a letter sent the *ERA* by President Francis A. Hammond that no elder ever succeeded in baptizing the chief into the Church. It now appears, by a letter received from Hon. J. C. Rich, of Montpelier, Idaho, son of the late Apostle C. C. Rich, that he heard Elder Amos R. Wright, of Bennington, Bear Lake county, state that Washakie had been baptized. He thereupon urged Brother Wright to make a statement of the matter. On the nineteenth of February, Brother Wright called upon Brother Rich, and handed him the letter which is given at the close of this article. In addition to this, Elder Rich writes, under the same date:

When father was called upon to settle this valley, he held a council with Washakie and his Indians, in 1863, in this valley, and obtained their consent to settle this valley, which was then claimed by them as their summer hunting and fishing ground, the Indians at that time not being on reservations. On father's part, he agreed that when the settlers raised crops, they would give the Indians such provisions as they were able to, when they should visit the settlements; and they, in turn, would not molest the settlers nor steal their animals. Washakie faithfully carried out his treaty, and on more than one occasion when young bucks, who could not be controlled, stole our horses, Washakie sent them back by other Indians.

You will notice that Brother Wright states he baptized Washakie at night. This was because Brother Wright dare not be seen on the reservation in the day



time, as the Indian agent would not allow any "Mormon" proselyting on the reservation. Brother Wright tells me he baptized about 300 Indians on that mission, besides Washakie; their names and time of baptism being sent to the proper Church authorities. During his stay on the reservation, he says the Indians secreted and fed him, and he was never betrayed by them. Brother Wright has a rich fund of information about the Indian mission in the north since the days of Fort Lemhi, and I have told him he ought to leave a record of it, but he feels diffident, and not educated sufficiently to put it in shape. It is possible that if Brother Andrew Jenson, the historian, should see him, that he might obtain many items concerning Indian church matters that should be preserved and recorded. These suggestions seemed to me proper, and are given for what they are worth.

With kindest regards to yourself and associates, I am as ever, your brother,  
J. C. RICH.

*President Joseph F. Smith:*

Dear Brother:—My attention has recently been directed to an article contained in volume three, page 472 of the *IMPROVEMENT ERA*, wherein it is stated that no elder ever succeeded in bringing Chief Washakie into the Church, but that just before he died, a minister by the name of Roberts administered to him the rite of baptism according to the Christian religion.

The facts are as follows: In the fall of 1884, after being called and duly commissioned to visit the reservation in Wyoming, I visited the chief and sought the opportunity and permission to proselyte among his people, at the same time, and upon the same occasion, explaining to him the first vision of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and the principles of the gospel. I stayed with him until a late hour in the night when I was compelled to return to my place of retirement, or risk my return in the day time. Since his good feelings for the "Mormon" people has been questioned by some, I will say that he showed me the photos of President Young, President Taylor, Charles C. Rich, and many others of the leaders of the Church; and, though they had been in his possession a long time, they were neat and clean, and bore evidence that great pains had been taken in their preservation. He told me that my explanations were exactly the same as those he had heard from his friend, President Young, many years before. A week or so after this interview, I received word from Washakie that he wished me to visit him again, for the purpose of baptizing him. After my arrival at his lodge, and after he had sent several of his sons to make a dam on a stream near by, I baptized him, and confirmed him a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in the presence of members of his family and other witnesses. Many years afterwards, while he was prostrate, helpless, and in an unconscious condition, and without his knowledge or consent, Mr. John Roberts stepped up to his bedside, dipped his hand into a bowl of water, sprinkled a few drops of it on the chief's forehead, whereupon it was published in the Wyoming papers that Washakie accepted the Christian religion before he died. Since I have heard that you were the editor of the *ERA*, I thought that possibly you might deem it due to Washakie

that this should be known, so that whatever credit is due him, either from motive of friendship for our people or true conversion, he ought to have it. Knowing that you are always in the midst of much work and worry with various annoyances, I have yet ventured to furnish you with this information, should you desire to correct the article which appeared in volume three of the IMPROVEMENT ERA.

Ever your brother in the gospel,

A. R. WRIGHT.

Bennington, Feb. 18, 1908.

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### MELCHIZEDEK.

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Questions: Please give the correct spelling of Melchizedek. Kindly give the parentage of Melchizedek.

The name of the great High Priest is spelled correctly (see Genesis 14: 18-20; Oxford editions) in the above title (see any authentic Bible Dictionary). There is one other way that is frequently adopted, *viz.*, Melchisedec (see Hebrews 7, Oxford editions). In many of our Church works and publications the name is spelled incorrectly, Melchisedek.

To the second request, it is doubtful that a complete answer can be given. The following we believe to be as authentic as any other. It will be remembered that in obedience to the voice of the Lord, Abraham, after the death of his father, Terah, passed through the land of Canaan unto Sichem, afterward a city of Samaria. He then went still farther south to near Bethel where he built an altar unto the Lord; and again south to near the northern part of Idumea. He found Canaanites—descendants of Ham—wherever he journeyed. Now as to the Canaanites, Dr. Lord says: "They are supposed in their invasions to have conquered the aboriginal inhabitants, whose remote origin is veiled in impenetrable obscurity, but *who retained some principles of the primitive religion. It is even possible that Melchizedek, the unconquered King of Salem, who blessed Abram, belonged to those original people, who were of Semitic origin.* Nevertheless the Canaanites, or Hametic tribes, were at this time the dominant inhabitants."

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### MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

In *Nordstjarnan* of May 1, Elder P. Matson, who has acted as president of the Swedish Mission for nearly three years past, announces his release and

bids farewell to the Saints. Elder Peter Sundvall has been appointed to take his place. Elder Sundvall was formerly president of the Scandinavian Mission.

Elder LeRoy Hall, of Rockdale, Utah, died of typhoid fever at Lexington, Kentucky, April 29. He was ailing two or three weeks before any of the officers of the Southern States Mission were aware of it. He died at the Good Samaritan Hospital. His body was accompanied home by Elder Beecher, his conference president. He was in his 23rd year, and a faithful missionary in every respect.

"We have a fine Sunday School here in Bozeman, Mont.," writes N. B. Lundwall, "although there are but few in numbers. But we have thus more time to go over the work; consequently, more room for thought. I am also glad to state that the people among whom we live have decided by vote April 6, that all places where liquor is sold, shall be closed on Sundays, and from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m. on week days,—a step forward in the line of local option and a 'dry' city."

Elder John A. Olsen, who has labored two years and three months in the Scandinavian Mission, eleven months of which time was spent as translator in the mission office at Copenhagen, was released in April to return home, and Elder O. J. Anderson of Castle Dale, Utah, has taken his place as writer for *Skandinaviens Stjerne*. There were twenty-four baptisms in the Scandinavian Mission for March, seventeen of which were in Denmark and seven in Norway. There are one hundred forty-eight missionaries now laboring in that mission.

Elder Emil J. Huber, of Salt Lake City, died recently in Turkey, while serving as a missionary there. President Charles W. Penrose, of the European Mission, cabled the news of his death to the First Presidency on May 18. He was a member of the Third Ward of Salt Lake City, and was born in Paris, France, March 7, 1885. He joined the Church at Zurich, Switzerland, from which place he came to Utah two years ago. His parents, three sisters, and a younger brother, reside at Zurich, and all are members of the Church except his father.

Elder John LeRoy Tripp laid down his life in the service of his Master, Tuesday morning, April 14, 1908, in Belgium, after a very brief illness. He was born at South Cottonwood, Salt Lake county, January 24, 1888, and was a resident of Murray when called on this mission. He arrived in Rotterdam on the 19th of February last, and was appointed by President Sylvester Q. Cannon to labor in Charleroi, Belgium. The cause of his death was appendicitis. His body was prepared for transportation to Utah and placed on Board the *Celtic*, in care of Elder Leonard G. Hardy, Jr., who was honorably released from his missionary labors in the Netherlands-Belgium mission to accompany the remains home. Elder Tripp was buried from Murray First Ward, Sunday, May 10.

Elder G. E. Cahoon writes from St. Louis, April 13: "There seems to be a different feeling among the populace now than heretofore. The elders are treated better, and more people have the spirit of inquiry. The result is we are able to get our literature among them in greater quantities. In March, 1907, President S. O. Bennion divided the state of Missouri into two conferences; the western half

is known as the Independence, and the eastern half, as the Missouri conference.



Elder G. E. Cahoon

Elder J. T. Gerrard was the first president of the Missouri conference, and he presided until December last to the satisfaction of all connected therewith. He was then honorably released to return home. Elder G. E. Cahoon is at present occupying the place. We have a very active branch in the city of St. Louis where the Saints enjoy the benefits of Sunday School, Mutual Improvement Associations, Relief Society, and the usual sacrament services, once a week. There are eighteen elders and two lady missionaries laboring in the conference. The work is being vigorously pushed in St. Louis and Hannibal. A missionary campaign is being carried on by two companies through the country and cities, who present the doctrine both

orally and in book form. They meet every Saturday and Sunday in some town where they hold open air meetings, usually well attended; afterwards they separate, in pairs, and make a house-to-house canvass in the country, from one town to another. This is done without purse or scrip. We believe that the amount of Latter-day Saints literature which the elders are distributing among the people is sure to play a very prominent part in changing the religious ideas of the world for the better."

At Northcut, Tennessee, April 28, 29 and 30 and May 1, 2, 3, 1908, Elder Nephi Jensen, of the Southern States Mission, held a debate with Mr. F. B. Syrgley on "Modern Miracles." The following statement made by him, shows upon what platform he stands: "I believe the Spirit which touched the harp strings in the soul of the Shepherd King David, and made them sing the sweet music of the Psalms, will touch the harp strings in the souls of men in the same way today. I believe that the Spirit which fired the soul of Jeremiah, and enabled him to write the pathetic Lamentations, inspires the souls of men in the same way today. I believe that the Spirit which lifted the soul of Isaiah to celestial heights and made his speech the very flame breath of the Almighty, inspires, thrills and fires the hearts of men today. I believe that the God who, in answer to the earnest faith-inspired pleading of Cornelius, sent an angel to visit the great Centurion, would deign to send an angelic visitor to the homes of people today, if they were pure enough to receive the royal visitor. I believe that the Christ who cleansed the leper, made the lame to walk, the deaf to hear, and the blind to see, and even defied death and made the lips of the dead to speak, can, will, and does, do the same things today. If men today do not enjoy these great blessings from God, it is because of their unbelief. I am here to say that Mr. F. B. Syrgley, or any other man, shall not impute the blame for withholding these blessings, to God. It is written, 'God is no respecter of persons;' this is my platform. I stand with both feet firmly upon the proposition that God is unchangeable, with Him there is no variation or shadow of a turning."

## IN LIGHTER MOOD.

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The Higher Criticism doubts whether there were apples in the Garden of Eden. Perhaps, then, it was a common place banana peel that caused Adam's fall.—*Sat. Eve. Post.*

"When I marry," said the sweet young thing, "I intend to marry an English dude." "But suppose you can't get an English dude?" said her friend. "Then A Yankee Dude'll do."

"Will you get wings when you go to heaven?" asked little Elsie of her father, who is baldheaded. "Yes, dear," he replied. "And will they put feathers on your head, too, papa?" she insisted.

The child of strict parents, whose greatest joy had hitherto been the weekly prayer meeting, was taken to the circus by his nurse. When he came home, "Oh, mummy," he exclaimed, "if you once went to the circus, you'd never go to a prayer meeting again in all your life."

A lot of poor children were at Rockefeller's stock farm, near Cleveland. He gave each of them some milk to drink, the product of a \$2,000 prize cow.

"How do you like it?" he asked, when they had finished.

"Gee, it's fine!" responded one little fellow, who added, after a thoughtful pause, "I wisht our milkman kept a cow."—*Sis Hopkins.*

At a Fourth of July celebration in a Canadian town, where both English and American guests were assembled, the flags of the two countries were used in decorations. A frivolous young English girl, loyal to the queen, but with no love for the Stars and Stripes, exclaimed, "Oh, what a silly-looking thing the American flag is! It suggests nothing but checker-berry candy." "Yes," replied Senator Hoar, "the kind of candy that made everybody sick who tried to lick it."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Jacob Riis has a story of a little lad who shines shoes for a living. This boy went to a Mission Sunday school, and was keenly disappointed when, at Christmas time, his gift from the tree turned out to be a copy of Browning's poems.

Next Sunday, however, the superintendent announced that any child not pleased with his gift could have it exchanged. Jimmie marched boldly to the front with his.

"What have you there, Jimmie?"

"Browning."

"And what do you want in exchange?"

"Blacking."—*Harpers' Weekly.*

## SEVENTY'S COUNCIL TABLE.

BY B. H. ROBERTS, MEMBER OF THE FIRST COUNCIL.

**Excusing Seventies From Class Meetings.**—This question is submitted: "Have the presidents of stakes or bishops of wards any authority to excuse a Seventy from attending his class meetings without the consent of the presidents of his quorum?" Certainly not. Common courtesy would say "no," if no other principle governed the matter. But other principles do govern the case. The Seventy's quorums are not ward organizations, nor stake organizations, but are general Church quorums, having their local presidency in the councils of the respective quorums, and a general presidency in the First Council. In their quorum capacity and labor, they are under the jurisdiction of these councils, and may not be properly excused from quorum duties and appointments, except by consultation had, and consent obtained, from the local council as to members, and with the First Council as to presidents. See also the Council Table, in the May number of the ERA, page 557.

**"Let This Cup Pass from Me."**—Question: "Will you kindly confer a favor by explaining what is meant by the words of the Savior, 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.'"

Answer: The crucial hour in the experience of the Messiah had come—"Behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners" (Matt. 26: 45). He had come to the garden of Gethsemane with his disciples; then, taking Peter and James and John apart, he said to them, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here and watch with me." Then he withdrew apart and offered the prayer above. Luke, in describing the incident of this prayer, says, "And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly, [the prayer was made three times] and he sweat as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground" (Luke 22: 44). The Son of God was suffering the sorrow and anguish of a world's sin. Sin is the transgression of law; and for every transgression of law there is a penalty due, for the strength of the law is its justice and its penalty; and laws without penalty would be mere nullities. Every transgression of law, then, is attended by penalty to be paid: it entails suffering. How great that is in individual cases, man may know in part, for he is permitted, for his instruction, to feel the weight of his own sins in part, and behold, how great is even that partial suffering for sin! But saith the Lord:

Behold, I, God, have suffered these things for all, that they might not suffer if they would repent, but if they would not repent, they must suffer even as I, which suffering caused myself, even God, the greatest of all, to tremble because of pain, and to bleed at every pore, and to suffer both body and spirit; and would

that I might not drink the bitter cup and shrink. Nevertheless, glory be to the Father, and I partook and finished my preparations unto the children of men. (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 19, vers. 16-19).

The Savior, then, in Gethsemane was passing through this ordeal of suffering for the sins of all men, he was bowing beneath the weight of the sum total of every man's sin in all the world, and in all generations thereof. He was receiving the stripes due to man's sins; the iniquity of us all was being laid upon him (Isaiah 53). No wonder he "sweat great drops of blood falling down to the ground;" and no wonder he prayed, "Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me." But it was not possible. The means of salvation had to be provided for a fallen world. The hands of death for man had to be broken; the suffering due to a world's sum total of sin, had to be endured, that mercy, through love, might be introduced into this world's economy of things. If this Christ had failed, another must needs have been appointed, for only through such redemption as was wrought out by the Christ was salvation possible to man. It was not possible, therefore, for the cup to pass; it must be drunk, and was drunk by the Son of God; for, true to his mission, and in loving obedience, even in the very midst of his agony, he rose to the sublime heights of saying—"nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." "And I partook and finished my preparations unto the children of men."

**The Meaning of a Passage in Isaiah.**—Question: "In the study of the Book of Isaiah in our quorum, the fifth verse of the twenty-fourth chapter, so often quoted by our elders, was discussed, and we found that it had been interpreted differently in different missions. The main point in question is, what is meant by the 'Everlasting covenant?'"

Answer: The verse in question is found in the midst of that remarkable prophecy of Isaiah's concerning the apostasy from "the everlasting covenant," "the everlasting gospel;" and of which elsewhere I have given the following exposition, which I hope will answer the above question: "Behold, the Lord maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down, and scattereth abroad the inhabitants thereof. And it shall be as with the people so with the priest; as with the servant, so with the master; as with the maid, so with her mistress; as with the buyer, so with the seller; as with the lender, so with the borrower; as with the taker of usury, so with the giver of usury to him. The land shall be utterly emptied, and utterly spoiled; for the Lord has spoken this word. The earth mourneth and fadeth away, the world languisheth and fadeth away, the haughty people of the earth do languish. The earth is also defiled under the inhabitants thereof." Why? "Because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinances, broken the everlasting covenant. Therefore hath a curse devoured the earth, and they that dwell therein are desolate; therefore the inhabitants of the earth are burned and few men are left" (Isaiah). Of this prophecy it is to be observed that the defilement of the earth, and the wretched condition of the inhabitants thereof, described in the opening sentences and in the remaining verses of the chapter not quoted, are the result of transgressing the law, changing the ordinances, and breaking the "everlasting covenant." The prophet cannot have reference to transgressing the law, and

changing the ordinances of the Mosaic covenant, for the Mosaic Law was not an everlasting covenant, but merely a temporary law, "added to the Gospel because of transgression" (Galatians 3). It was a law of carnal commandments to act as a schoolmaster to bring the people to Christ; and when Christ came was laid aside, having fulfilled its purpose. It was not, therefore an everlasting covenant, and hence was not the thing the prophet Isaiah had in mind in his great prophecy. On the other hand, Paul refers to the blood of Christ as the "blood of the everlasting covenant" (Heb. 13). Hence, it is the covenant sealed by that blood to which Isaiah must have had reference—the Gospel; and the transgression of its laws, the changing of its ordinances, the breaking of that covenant, was to result in making desolate the earth and the inhabitants thereof. Hence, the everlasting covenant in the passage, represents the gospel covenant.

**St. Luke.**—The following questions are asked about St. Luke: "Was he an eye witness to the works of the Savior? Was he a Gentile? If so, why the controversy over the gospel being taken to the Gentiles?"

Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible* (Hackett edition) has the following, bearing on the questions concerning the third evangelist:

The name Luke occurs three times in the New Testament (Gal. 4: 14; II Tim. 4: 11; Philem. 24); and probably in all three, the third Evangelist is the person spoken of. To the Colossians he is described as "the beloved physician," probably because he has been known to them in that capacity. Timothy needs no additional mark for identification; to him the words are, "only Luke is with me." To Philemon, Luke sends his salutation in common with other "fellow-laborers" of St. Paul. As there is every reason to believe that the Luke of these passages is the author of the Acts of the Apostles, as well as of the gospel which bears his name, it is natural to seek in some former book for some traces of that connection with St. Paul which these passages assume to exist, and although the name of St. Luke does not occur in the Acts, there is reason to believe that under the pronoun "we" several references to the evangelist are to be added to the three places just quoted. Combining the traditional element with the Scriptural, the uncertain with the certain, we are able to trace the following dim outlines of the evangelist's life. He was born at Antioch in Syria, (Eusebius Hist., 3: 4) in what condition of life is uncertain. That he was taught the science of medicine does not prove that he was of higher birth than the rest of the disciples; medicine in its earlier and ruder state was sometimes practiced even by a slave. \* \* \* He was not born a Jew, for he is not reckoned among them "of the circumcision" by St. Paul (comp. Col. 4: 11 with ver. 14). If this be not thought conclusive, nothing can be argued from the Greek idioms in his style, for he might be a Hellenist Jew, nor from the Gentile tendency of his gospel, for this it would share with the inspired writings of St. Paul, a Pharisee brought up at the feet of Gamaliel. The date of his conversion is uncertain. He was not indeed an "eye-witness and minister of the word from the beginning" (Luke 1: 2), or he would have rested his claim as an evangelist upon that ground. Still he may have been converted by the Lord himself, sometime before his departure; and the statement of Epiphanius (Cont. Haer. 51: 11) and others, that he was one of the seventy disciples, has nothing very improbable in it; whilst that which Theophylact adopts (on Luke 24), that he was one of the two who journeyed to Emmaus with the risen Redeemer has found modern defenders. Tertullian assumes that the conversion of Luke is to be ascribed to Paul. \* \* \* The first ray of historical light falls on the evangelist when he joins St. Paul at Troas, and shares his journey into Macedonia. The sudden transition to the first person plural in



Acts 16: 10 is most naturally explained, after all the objections that have been urged, by supposing that Luke, the writer of the Acts, formed one of St. Paul's company from this point. His conversion had taken place before, since he silently assumes his place among the great Apostle's followers without any hint that this was his first admission to the knowledge and ministry of Christ.

From what is here set down, it would seem that our knowledge of St. Luke is somewhat uncertain. While not an "eye-witness" of the works of the Savior, from the beginning, for the excellent reason assigned in the quotation above, yet he may have been a convert of the Lord himself before the crucifixion. He may or may not have been a Jew, it is somewhat uncertain. Had he been a Gentile, and been received into the company of disciples in the lifetime of Jesus, and made companion to the apostles, the thought in the third question—"Why, then, the controversy over the gospel being taken to the Gentiles?"—is pertinent; for surely had Luke been a Gentile, his case would somewhere have appeared in that controversy. The fact that it does not, is perhaps the strongest evidence that he was a Jew, either born or proselyted, when he became a convert to Christianity.

**Result of Claiming that Revelation Ceased with the Completion of the New Testament Canon.**—Recently in reading Mr. Frederic Harrison's *The Creed of a Layman*, I was struck with the force of the following quotation on the subject of the suicidal results to Christianity, in claiming that revelation ceased with the close, as it is called, of the New Testament canon, and think the statement of the absurdity of such a theory by Mr. Harrison might be a valuable passage for our Seventies to use when discussing the topic of the cessation of revelation, and hence give it:

We are told that this canon [of the New Testament] embodies the best forms and utterances of this spirit as it moves onwards. For a time it may be said in some measure to do so. From Moses to St. Paul the teaching of the long successions of prophets may be said to be represented. Why, then, does it suddenly stop there? The current of sacred inspiration itself does not pause; why, then, this abrupt cessation of its words? It would hardly satisfy us if the Jewish roll were held unopened, and the prophets and the poets rejected as uncanonical, nor if the prophets were divided from each other, or the sacred story closed before the time of Ezra. How much more would it be intolerable that the gospels themselves should be excluded? or if we were told that the new dispensation was ideally present in the old, and the Hebrew Scriptures were adequate embodiments of the life of Christian societies? Such a suggestion sounds preposterous. But it is not thought preposterous to close the canon in the lifetime of the apostles, and to confine the eighteen centuries of many-sided Christian energy in the scanty formulæ and thoughts of times when not a Christian society existed, and a catholic church was a faint vision even to the greatest of the apostles. The effort to prove that, although inadequate as a representation of succeeding ages, the Scripture surpasses all subsequent writings in intensity and elevation, may for a moment succeed. But such an argument is in the long run terribly suicidal. Directly it is urged, under any possible theory, that the highest and most distinct utterances of the church were made eighteen centuries since, and stand above and marked off from all later words, the inevitable conclusion rushes in that the church does not in reality advance, that if it grows in extent it does not rise in true strength of spiritual life—in short, that it does not develop.

## MUTUAL WORK.

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### M. I. A. CONFERENCE.

The 13th General Annual Conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be held in Salt Lake City, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 12, 13, and 14, 1908.

On Friday, June 12, in the large Tabernacle, at 2 o'clock p. m. will be held an informal reception. On Friday evening, commencing at 8 o'clock, a complimentary entertainment to the visiting delegates will be given by the General Boards, in Whitney Hall, Corner of 2nd Ave. and A St. (Take Sixth Ave. Car.)

The Young Men's Officers' meetings will be held in Barratt Hall on Saturday at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. The Young Ladies will meet in Whitney Hall at 10 a.m. and 2 p. m.

The conjoint general officers' meetings will be held Sunday in the large Tabernacle, at 10 a. m., and general public meetings will be held in the large Tabernacle at 2 and 7 o'clock p. m. that day.

All officers and members of the associations are requested to be present at all of the meetings and a cordial invitation is extended to all of the Saints to attend the Tabernacle meetings. They will also be made welcome at the business meetings.

Recent changes in arrangements make it necessary to reprint this which cancels the notice, so far as it conflicts, published in the May ERA.

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### SUMMER PROGRAMS.

The M. I. A. of the Wasatch Stake have issued a neat pamphlet of thirty-two pages containing a summer course, approved by the Stake presidency. It contains also names of the stake officers and ward presidents, with instructions to the latter in regard to the meetings, and missionary work for the summer. Joint public sessions will be held each Sunday evening in all the wards, and the exercises will be rendered by visiting members from other wards and will consist of nine programs based on history, literature and art, supplemented with science, music and current events, to be presented by the members of the visiting wards. These exercises will alternate with eight lectures and a visit by the stake super-

intendencies, treating on theology and civics, the outline of which is found in the summer manual. Ward committees will look after the supplementary programs, transportation, reception of visitors, chaplains, ushering, and care and order of the meetinghouses. The visits began May 3 and will continue up to September 20. All the ward programs were well received on the 3rd, and the people were out in full force. In some wards standing room was at a premium.

The outline for summer programs for the Alberta Stake has been received from Superintendent W. O. Lee. It consists of two studies for each week during the season, and is made up of two parts: lectures on ecclesiastical history, pertaining especially to the apostasy and the rise of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; and topics from the Reading Course of last season, including lectures from *Secret of Achievement* and *Great Truths*.

We have also to thank the superintendents of Cache, Nebo and Bear Lake stakes for programs received.

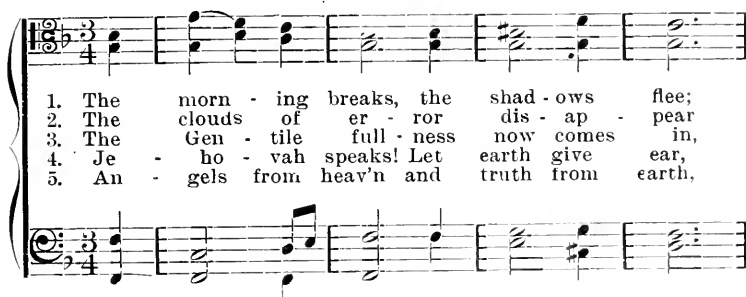
## THE DAWNING.

MALE QUARTET OR CHORUS.

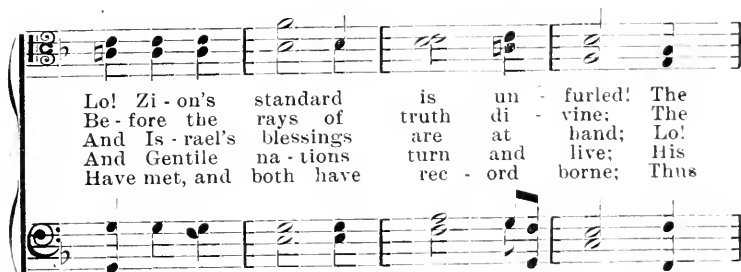
Words by Parley P. Pratt.

Music by Alfred M. Durham.  
Beaver, Utah

*Andante con espressione.*



1. The morn - ing breaks, the shad - ows flee;  
 2. The clouds of er - ror dis - ap - pear  
 3. The Gen - tile full - ness now comes in,  
 4. Je - ho - vah speaks! Let earth give ear,  
 5. An - gels from heav'n and truth from earth,



Lo! Zi - on's standard is un - furled! The  
 Be - fore the rays of truth di - vine; The  
 And Is - rael's blessings are at hand; Lo!  
 And Gentile na - tions turn and live; His  
 Have met, and both have rec - ord borne; Thus



dawn - ing of a bright - er day  
 glo - ry, burst - ing from a - far,  
 Ju - dah's rem - nant, cleansed from sin,  
 might - y arm is mak - ing bare,  
 Zi - on's light is burst - ing forth



Ma - jes - tic ris - es on the world,  
 Wide o'er the na - tions soon will shine,  
 Shall in their promised Ca - naan stand,  
 His cov'nant peo - ple to re - ceive,  
 To cheer her children's glad re - turn,



Ma - jes - tic ris - es on the world,  
 Wide o'er the na - tions soon will shine.  
 Shall in their prom - ised Ca - naan stand.  
 His cov'nant peo - ple to re - ceive.  
 To cheer her chil - dren's glad re - rn.

## EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

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**Violent Storms.**—Portions of Georgia, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana were swept by tornadoes, April 24-26, and in early May, and many villages were wrecked. More than four hundred people, mostly negroes, lost their lives, and two million dollars' worth of property was destroyed. Amite, Louisiana, and Purois, Mississippi, suffered most severely, though many other places were affected. A tornado swept along the Platte river in Nebraska, and did great damage.

**Second Ward Meetinghouse.**—On May 2, the corner-stone of a new and splendid \$20,000 meeting house for the 2nd ward, Salt Lake City, was laid on the grounds at 7th South and 5th East. Bishop Heber C. Iverson presided, and the stone was laid by the former owner of the lot, Patriarch James Leach, who has occupied the corner since the spring of 1849, but now donated it to the ward. Speeches were made by President John R. Winder, Elder John Henry Smith, Bishop Iverson, Historian Andrew Jenson, and others. The tin box placed in the stone contained the Church works and many of the current Church magazines.

**A Friend of the Young People.**—On the 21st of April, James Cottom was thrown from a buggy and instantly killed, in Richville, Morgan county, Utah. He was born February 28, 1842, in England, and was married to Sarah Hope, October 26, 1862. On May 8, 1880, he joined the Church, and in 1891 was called to preside in the Wigan branch, and filled that position until September 17, of the following year, when he emigrated to Utah. He settled in Morgan, later moving to Coalville, and again to Richville, where he has resided most of the time until his death. He leaves a wife and four children, and a host of friends. He was especially a general favorite among the young people, both of his own ward and those adjoining.—ASA L. DICKSON.

**Pleased With "Self-Control."**—Hon. J. A. Hendrickson writes from Logan, May 1: "I cannot refrain from expressing to you my pleasure in observing the announcement in the May ERA, just arrived, that you intend to publish, beginning with the June number, the contents of the two books written by Wil-

liam George Jordan, entitled *The Kingship of Self-Control* and *The Majesty of Calmness*. I congratulate you on having received this courtesy from Mr. Jordan, and your decision to give to your readers the contents of these volumes. They are worth their weight in gold. Every subject treated, while brief, is applicable to the daily life of every individual, and no one can read them without receiving encouragement, strength of purpose, and added determination for the right. Every line is a gem. As I see it, these two books are among the very best given to the reading public. It has been my pleasure to read them several times, and each time I receive added strength, and feel to extend my thanks to Mr. Jordan for his thoughts."

**Conditions in India.**—It is hard for those who live in countries like the United States and Europe to understand the awful conditions that sometimes prevail among the teeming populations of Asia. There the masses live all the time on the ragged edge of existence; and when some calamity, especially famine, overtakes them, their condition often beggars description. Owing to the shortage of rain, and the consequent scarcity of wheat, the price of bread has become abnormally high throughout India, especially in the North. On an area of 700,000 square miles, there are 50,000,000 people waging a struggle for existence. The government there is taxed to the utmost to meet the situation. Public works, inaugurated largely for the purpose of affording relief, have employed on them something like a million of men, and it is stated that 378,000 are receiving free aid. India's Viceroy recently telegraphed to the Secretary of State for India that "there are some signs of deterioration in the general condition of the people, and crime is increasing." The unhappy people of that country are so often the victims of famine that the rest of the world is showing more and more indifference in the response to a call for help. It is as if one expected to hear practically nothing else about India but famine, so that in many quarters it has even ceased to awaken any sympathetic interest.—JOSEPH M. TANNER.

**Delegates to the Republican National Convention.**—On May 7, the Republican State Convention met in Salt Lake City to name six delegates and six alternates to the National Convention at Chicago, June 16. There were 470 delegates present, and they endorsed the administration of President Roosevelt and joined in a demand that he be renominated for President of the United States, with Taft as second choice. The delegates chosen, however, were not instructed. Following are the names: Senator Reed Smoot, Senator George Sutherland, Congressman Joseph Howell, C. E. Loose, Dr. C. M. Wilson, Summit Co., W. D. Livingston, Sanpete county. Alternates: A. R. Heywood, Weber, John C. McClain, Salt Lake, Thomas Sevey, Garfield Co., Preston D. Richards, Salt Lake, Mrs. Lucy A. Clark, Box Elder, and Mrs. Susa Young Gates, Salt Lake. There was an effort made by what are termed the "insurgents," or the opponents of Senator Smoot, to pass a resolution demanding that a candidate for United States Senator shall be nominated at the State Republican Convention next fall. This, as was declared, was for the reason that the "peace and tranquility" of the people of Utah are "paramount to the political aspirations of men or

political machines." The resolution, having only very scattering support, failed of passage and got very little sympathy.

**Death of Hon. John Clark.**—On May 5, 1908, Hon. John Clark, a most respected citizen, formerly mayor of Salt Lake, and leading business man for many years, died suddenly at his home in Salt Lake City. He arrived in Utah, August 24, 1852, at the age of eighteen. He was an orphan, his mother, Jane Wallace Clark, having died when he was little more than a baby, and his father, William Clark, passing away when his son was fifteen. John Clark was born April 3, 1834, in Chilton, England, the family coming to America the next year. His father joined the Church after the death of his wife, and went to Nauvoo, where John was baptized when he was ten years old. John Clark became a member of the Nauvoo Legion, with rank of major, and took part in Utah in many of the Indian campaigns, and in the Echo Canyon war. In politics he served Salt Lake City as city councilor from 1869 to 1888; for three terms, beginning in 1884, he was a member of the Utah Legislature, and in 1897 was elected mayor of Salt Lake City, on an independent ticket. He filled one mission to England in 1879, where he labored a part of the time in the Liverpool office under the direction of President Joseph F. Smith. He filled many important ecclesiastical offices, including clerk of the Fifteenth ward twenty years, and alternate high councilor in the old Salt Lake stake, and high councilor in the Ensign stake. His wife, Emma M. Empey, whom he married November 23, 1856, died October 31, 1897. He was a conservative, economic, safe and honest man, faithful to the end. Nine children survive him.

**Peace Day.**—On May 17 was peace day. During the day many thousands of the Latter-day Saints gathered in their houses of worship and sang and spoke the praises of peace. In the Salt Lake Tabernacle Elder Orson F. Whitney spoke on the millennial peace foretold by the poets and prophets, and to which all the Saints are longingly looking forward. But universal peace may never be enjoyed until the coming of the Savior. At the First Congregational Church, the Utah Peace Society held a large gathering presided over by Col. George B. Squires, in the absence of Governor John C. Cutler, and composed of all creeds. Rt. Rev. F. S. Spaulding, bishop of the Episcopal Diocese, spoke. He said that the United States would this year spend \$202,445,187 for war preparation, which is twenty times as much as we spend through our agricultural department, to discover by scientific investigation how to increase our supply of food stuffs. It is considered necessary. It is the price of peace. But is it a duty of our country to enlarge her army until she leads the world in this method of securing peace? He thought it should be done at a cheaper cost, and that we could get a truer peace by paying for it in other coin. He would change the motto, "In time of peace, prepare for war," to "In time of temporary peace, prepare for permanent peace." Emma Ramsey Morris sang, and Bishop Scanlan sent an address to be read. The following officers were elected:

Utah Peace Society Officers:—President, John C. Cutler; First Vice-President, Dean Benjamin Brewster; Second Vice-President, Rabbi Charles J. Freund; Secre.

tary, and Treasurer, J. M. Sjodahl; Directors, John Henry Smith, Mrs. F. S' Richards, Mrs. J. B. Cosgriff, Mrs. W. V. Rice, N. P. Stathakos, Rev. P. A. Simpkin, Judge J. E. Frick.

A branch was organized at Provo, with Prof. Alfred Osmond, president.

**Abuse of the Post Card.**—Lyman J. Packer, of Mantua, writes these timely words on the subject to the ERA: "Serious ill feelings are sometimes engendered between neighbors and families by the habit of exchanging so-called comic post cards by mail. Instead of being considered funny, as probably intended by the sender, they are considered insulting by the receiver, as indeed they often really are.

"Much money is often spent foolishly in buying cards, when it is needed to provide the children with food, clothing, or good books. Parents and guardians should gain the confidence of their children, and teach them to select and send cards, where they can afford them, that are covered with good words and pictures. No child should be permitted to choose for himself without direction. If the habit of sending cards is not to be done away with altogether, (and I do not wish to be understood as advocating that) then the parent or guardian should point out to the boy or girl, and even the young man and woman, the better results from sending sweet and ennobling pictures and verses, rather than the debasing, vulgar kind. This course would create better feelings and cause friendship rather than enmity.

"Then there is the moral view of this subject. Some of the post cards unblushingly displayed in the book stores and souvenir stalls in our cities and towns, are viciously immoral, and would make any decent person disgusted. I personally know, however, that some of these vulgar and debasing cards are actually sent by young men and women; and exchanged, too, between lovers. In talking with one young married man on this subject, he confessed to me that just before his marriage he thoughtlessly sent a card to his sweetheart, that he did not consider evil, but which she thought very vulgar. She broke their engagement on account of it, and not until he succeeded in assuring her that he had not noticed the vulgar view of the card, would she consent to his further attentions. Young men send these vulgar missiles, as they say, for amusement, but it is thought anything but amusing by those who receive them, who are pure in heart and have tender feelings. Let me ask such young men a question: 'Would you like your sister or your mother, or any member of your family to receive these immoral cards?' Remember, then, the admonition, 'Do unto others that which you would have others do unto you.' Some send the cards out of spite, jealousy, or because they entertain a grudge against the person to whom they are sent. In such cases the conscience of the sender is more smitten than the receiver. It is best to make friends. To-day we are independent; tomorrow we need a good Samaritan!"

**The Soda Fountain Fad.**—A correspondent writing from Ogden, in a caustic note to the ERA, touches on a subject akin to the extravagant "resort" and "excursion" fads so extensively prevalent during the summer months,—a subject that should prove a lively thought-awakener to all the boys and girls. He



mentions the financial side, and refers lightly to the health, but there is a moral phase to the subject of even greater importance than these:

*To my Young Friends:* There is among us a comparatively new kind of intemperance, which though still in its infancy, is growing rapidly to alarming proportions. I refer to a habit more or less curtailed in our rural districts, by a lack of opportunity to practice it, but in our cities, where there is an abundance of opportunity, restrained often by only one thing—lack of money or lack of credit. This habit I shall ask the liberty of christening the ‘Fountain Fad.’

Lizzie, in our big department store, working for six dollars a week, (good wages for a girl) and trying to help the family, perhaps has her dishes and vases and cut glass dusted by ten o’clock of a hot summer morning, when all worn and warm she “*must* go over to the drug store and have something.” At the door she meets Clarence from the shoe department, going on the same errand, and together they pursue their way to the fountain. Here they find already Edward, from the hardware, with Sarah and Martha from the lace and gloves. The transaction costs Clarence a quarter of a dollar, and Edward nearly four bits. They return to work. Just before noon, Lizzie *must* have “something cold.” Just after noon she *must* have “something cold.” Before going home at night, she pays the fountain another visit, and two to one it is her turn to ‘stand treat’ at least once a day.

After supper Lizzie walks out with her girl friend; they pass a drug store; they “have something.” Clarence, who is drawing ten a week, and who has a widowed mother, a little sister, and a ravenous bull dog to keep, walks out with his girl friend; they pass a “fountain;” they have something. And so on.

Lizzie once frankly confessed to me that during the summer months, “fountains” cost her an average of a dollar a week. Clarence lost his chosen companion because he did not have the money to “buy drinks,” and the “dispenser of pleasures” had refused to trust him.

What do we get for it all? Bone? Muscle? Sinew? Brain? \* \* \*

We have only hindered for a little while the health of the system by congealing and freezing our insides. We have only effeminized our minds a very little—a scarcely perceptible little—by indulging a habit at once useless, unhealthful and expensive. We have only robbed our judicious pockets of two nickels, three nickels, five nickels, a dollar. If the usages of fashion are at all influenced by the natural trend of history, I make bold to predict the speedy adoption of pocketless trousers and pancake purses. Your old friend—BENJAMIN WADDLESTOCK.

**Political Progress in Russia.**—The third Douma has been much more quiescent than its predecessors. The ability of the government to send its members home any time and order a new election with any number of delays it may wish to create, has become so well established, that the last Douma saw that if it had any continued existence, it must either exhibit a more or less submissive attitude, or be dissolved and its members sent home. Whether, as some believe, the Douma can fasten itself upon the established institutions of the country in such a way as to promote the liberty of the people, by accepting small crumbs in the beginning, is a question about which there is considerable doubt. While the

Douma has shown some opposition, and made demands, it has avoided issues with the Prime Minister, and thus prolonged its existence. It has really no powers that the government may not withdraw at will, and it may be disposed of altogether. There is one phase of the Douma's existence and power which may be overlooked, and which explains, perhaps, in some measure, the wish of the Czar and his Prime Minister to have the Douma an established institution of the empire, and that is the effect its existence will have on international questions arising out of the finances of the country. Russia must borrow, must do business abroad, and the Douma will serve the purpose of the autocrat in making the world believe that Russia really has some semblance to a free government. Recently the Douma asked that an assistant cabinet minister be dismissed in consideration of its acceptance of the budget. The demand was acceded to in order that the financial support of the Russian legislature might be given to the world as a guarantee of the financial responsibility of the whole Russian people. Some have thought that this meant ministerial responsibility by which ministers of the Czar must be dismissed when objectionable to the Russian parliament, but it must be remembered that the concession came as a favor, and not as a right, and there is no reason for supposing, at least under present circumstances, that the Czar and his advisors had any intention whatever of granting ministerial responsibility to the demands of the Douma or the people generally.

The issue in Russia, after all, must be solved by the peasants of that country, who are phlegmatic, and really not competent to give intelligent direction to political forces. The peasants are in a worse condition than ever. When they were emancipated from their former condition of servitude, by Alexander II, they had per family perhaps double the amount of land which they now have at their disposal. Their condition is fast driving them to desperation. Even were all the crown lands distributed among them, they would not have enough to meet their actual needs; and it looks very much as if something must be done to loosen the grasp which the landed aristocracy has upon the farm lands of the country. While the Bureau of Emigration may succeed in putting a million emigrants a year into Siberia, it will do but little to relieve the situation, as the increase in the population of the country will more than offset such relief. It is very much to be doubted that the new recruits to the army, coming from the peasant population, as they do, can be relied upon to suppress in the future the peasant revolts.—JOSEPH M. TANNER.

**The High School Cadets and the Fleet at San Francisco.**—About 300 strong, the Salt Lake High School cadets left for San Francisco in a special train, on Saturday morning, May 2. They were going to witness the arrival of the Atlantic fleet which entered the harbor at noon on the 6th. For days prior to their departure, the school officials worked to raise the money so that the boys might go free. The public responded freely, and by assistance from business men, a concert in the large tabernacle, help from the Ogden High School, and by private donations, some \$14,000 were collected for the purpose, and the remarkable trip assured. On the 7th, the festivities in honor of Admiral Robley D. Evans and the great fleet took place in San Francisco. In the immense naval,

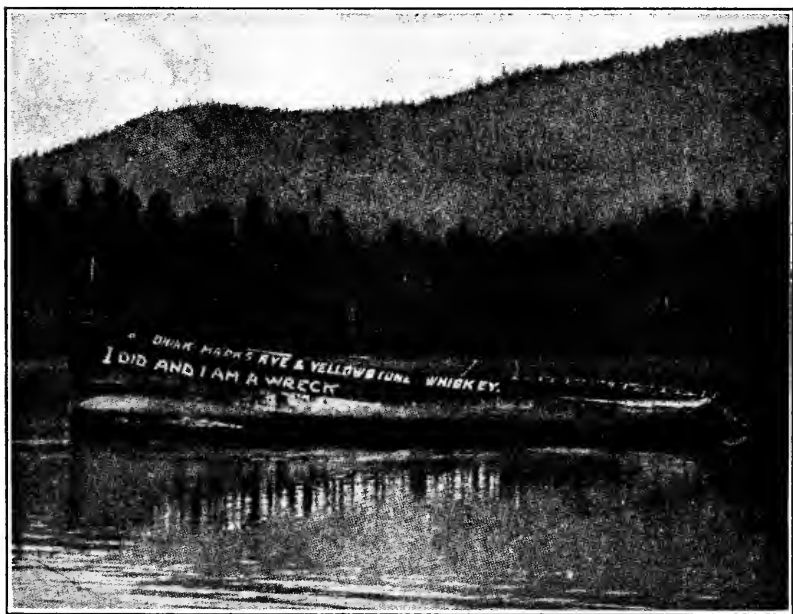
military and civil procession, witnessed by hundreds of thousands of people, were three thousand soldiers and eight thousand five hundred marines, but the youngsters from Utah were favored with the honor of marching at the head, as the personal escort of Admiral Evans. They were heartily cheered, made a fine showing, displayed excellent discipline, and won the admiration of the public as well as the commendation of the Admiral. He was proud of his young escorts and of their home state, from which by the late Captain Wm. H. Hooper, he was, in 1860, first appointed to the U. S. Naval Academy. It was a proud day for Admiral Evans, who, notwithstanding his illness, stood the ordeal of the tremendous ovation he received with becoming patience and cheer. After the parade, he said: "Say to the people of Salt Lake and Utah that I think the High School cadets are equal to the best trained body of young men I have ever seen. Even after their long march they did not show fatigue in the least. I am indeed proud to have had such a fine, soldierly lot of young men as my body guard." The boys won favors and privileges not only from the Admiral, the soldiers and sailors, but also from the commanders at the Presidio. They were given every privilege to behold the magnificent fleet to the best advantage, and for three hours were permitted to closely inspect the flagship *Connecticut*. By special invitation they were the only visitors on board when Admiral Evans' flag came down on the 9th, to give place to that of Rear-Admiral Charles M. Thomas. They lined up on deck while the Admiral gave his touching personal farewell to his men, and while Secretary Metcalf's order was read placing Admiral Thomas in charge of the fleet. Admiral Evans must have thought, with the youthful Utahns about him, how fitting the incident that their state should figure in the closing as well as in the opening scenes of his career of forty-eight years of honorable labor in the service of our country.

The cadets and their commanders and friends returned home on Monday, 11th May, all well. At Ogden they stopped and marched to the High School grounds where they gave a drill as a courteous appreciation of the spirit shown by the Ogden boys and girls who clubbed together and contributed money to send them to the coast, when the financial horizon looked darkest. The boys' conduct while away was a credit both to them and to their home state, and will prove of great advantage to both. "There never was a better behaved lot of lads. Utah has reason to be proud of them," said Superintendent of Schools D. H. Christensen. Captain Webb, of the High School, who was the responsible disciplinarian of the boys, deserves praise for his splendid control of the camp.

On Monday morning, May 11, Admiral Evans passed through Utah on his way East, and many people met him at the railway station in Ogden, to say "good morning" and "goodby," to pay their respects to him, and to wish him health and many years of enjoyment in the rest and retirement he has so faithfully earned, in the nearly half century of active life in the Navy. Among those who went from Salt Lake were federal and state officials, Presidents Joseph F. Smith, Anthon H. Lund, Francis M. Lyman, Mr. Willard Done of the Governor's office, Hon. Angus M. Cannon, and Bishop David A. Smith. Admiral Evans expressed his appreciation of the honor shown him by the people, and said because of his appointment he owed a debt of gratitude to Utah.

Rear-Admiral Charles M. Thomas turned over the command of the Atlantic fleet to Rear-Admiral Charles S. Sperry, who took charge as Commander-in-Chief, on May 15.

**British Prime Minister.**—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman who, owing to ill health, resigned as Prime Minister of Great Britain on April 5, died on the 22nd of the same month, aged 71. In 1868 he was elected to the House of Commons, when he was thirty-two, and represented Sterling from that time to the day of his death. Since 1899, he has been leader of the Liberal Party, and acted as Prime Minister, since 1905. He was twice Secretary for War, and once Chief Secretary for Ireland, in which positions, as in all others through his long career, he distinguished himself with tact, equanimity, sincerity and courage. He was genial and possessed a simple, but winning humor, that endeared him to his associates. His successor, Chancellor of Exchequer, Mr. Herbert Henry Asquith, in the 56th year of his age, is described as a first class debater, and fighting man, who possesses an Oxford “superiority” and arrogance, that does not take well with the Irish Nationalists, and that is distrusted by the Labor men who see in him “precisely the kind of Whig they most wish to get rid of.”



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